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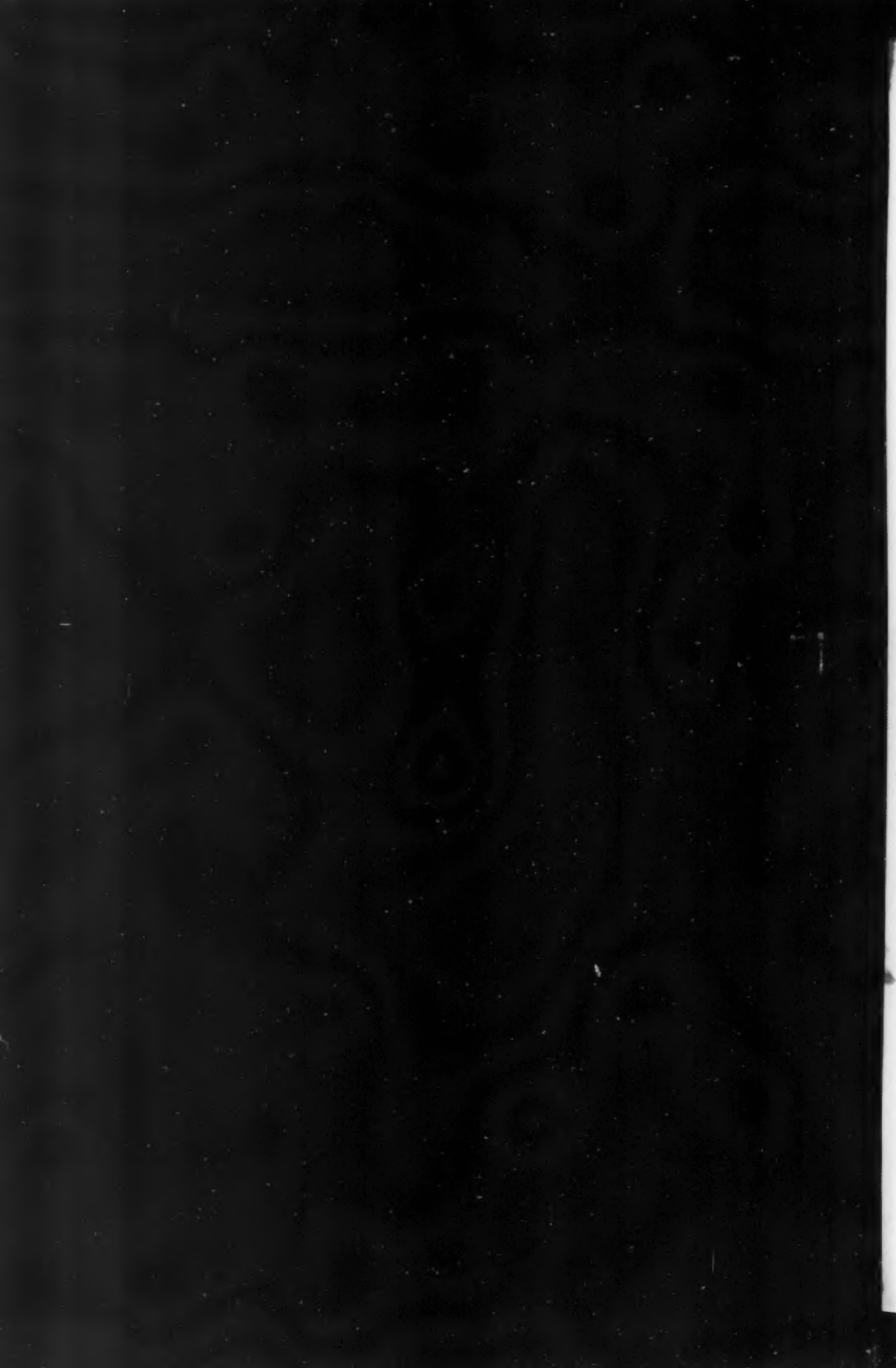
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume XI.

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{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCX.

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Single copies of the LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE LATEST FEAR.

Time was, I said, I fear not Death,
For Death is but the end—
Darkness, a pang, a failing breath
That heals what Love can't mend.

My God! I cried, it is this Life,
Not Death, my soul doth fear—
The pain, the shame, the lonely strife,
Despair—and no goal near.

I liv'd. The shame, the pain liv'd too,
The lonely strife held on—
But, how it was I never knew,
Despair one day was gone.

Despair was gone, and dread no more
Of Life or Death I knew—
God's light was where, an hour before,
My sin its shadow threw.

Ah! now, I fear not Death, I cried,
Nor pain nor lonely days,
Yet still, a doubt unsatisfied
Within my bosom stays.

I fear the days of coming age
When sense and reason fail—
I fear lest ere Death turn the page
Fear should again prevail.

But still I liv'd, and curtain'd night
Closed round my failing mind,
Age stole away my body's sight,
But left the soul's behind.

My latest Fear had come to me—
But was it Fear at all?
True, thought, and wit, and memory
Were gone beyond recall;

But kindness stayed, and sympathy,
And sense that God is near,
And all around a mystery
Of Love that casts out Fear.
Spectator. M.

A JOURNEY.

Uprose the Day when Night lay dead,
She turned not back to kiss his cheek,
But o'er the sombre eastern peak
She soared, and touched it into red.

Her strong wings scattered mist and
cloud,
As swiftly towards the highest blue,
Unhindered, radiant, she flew.
She sang for joy; she laughed aloud.

"The midmost heaven," she cried, "is
mine!

The midmost heaven and half the earth.
A million joys I bring to birth,
Upon a million lovers shine!

"I paint the grape, I gild the corn,
I float the lilies on the lake,
I set athrill in field and brake
Fine strains of tiny flute and horn.

"Ah, it is sweet," she said, and passed,
Exulting still, down the steeper slope
Of afternoon. Her heart of hope
Went with her, dauntless, till, at last,

Upon the far low-lying range
Of hills, she spread a crimson cloud;
From the pale mists she tore a shroud,
And, sinking, faint with sense of change,

She seemed to see a face bend o'er
With kind, familiar eyes. She said:
"Can it be you I left for dead?
Can it be Night?" and spoke no more.

Night wrapped her in his mantle grey;
He kissed the quivering lips that slept;
He bowed his silver head and wept—
"How could she know, my love, my Day?"

SOPHIE JEWETT.

HY-BRASAIL.

THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

'Neath the pale moon's tranquil beam,
And the myriad stars that gleam
On the Atlantic's shining breast,
Glides our boat, to voice of song
(While the sweet hours steal along)
To the island of the blest.

Swift and free our good oars play
On the blue, moon-lighted bay,
Looking to the fateful west;
To the sunset blows the gale,
To the sunset lies Brasail,
The dim island of the blest.

All things fair and lovely here
Fade, while falls the mortal tear;
But, in that dear land of rest,
Life is long and gay and sweet,
And our fathers we shall meet
The dim island of the blest.
Row beneath propitious star,
To the sunset land afar—

We must ne'er resign our quest
There the brave and great and free,
Ruled by love, live merrily,
In the island of the blest.

Chambers' Journal. WILLIAM COWAN.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

A REMINISCENCE.¹

The "personal equation" is often an element very necessary to the true interpretation of a great writer's words. Of the many thousands in England and America who have eagerly read their "Huxley" few have known the man. They are familiar, perhaps, with his essay on the "Gadarene pig affair" and the "Noachian deluge;" and they have in all probability—as the present writer once had—a one-sided impression of the intention and *animus* of such sallies. And a similar difference between the writer and the man extends to many other subjects. If this be so, it may be worth while for those who knew Mr. Huxley in later life to record personal traits which have interpreted for them much of his writing. Doubtless such sketches are necessarily themselves made from a special point of view. But what Huxley was to all his acquaintance can only be learnt by knowing what he was to each. And conscious though I am how imperfectly I shall express recollections which are very vivid, I make the attempt with the less scruple, as it was suggested to me by one whose wishes in the matter should be paramount.

My first direct intercourse with Mr. Huxley was accidentally such as to confirm my original impression of him as a somewhat uncompromising and unapproachable man of war. I was collecting materials about the year 1885 for some account of the old Metaphysical Society, to be published in the biography of my father, W. G. Ward, who was at one time its chairman. I wrote to several prominent members of the society, and received kind answers and contributions from all of them except Mr. Huxley, who did not reply to my letter at all. I remember thinking that I had made a mistake in writing to him, and that probably his antagonism

to my father in the debates made him unwilling to say anything on the subject.

I was therefore the more pleasantly surprised when, in the year 1890, a common friend of mine and Mr. Huxley's (Sir M. E. Grant Duff) brought me a friendly message, expressing great contrition in the matter of the unanswered letter, explaining that it had arrived at a time of total prostration through ill health, and offering to write for my book an account of my father's share in the debates of the society. I gladly accepted the offer; and the paper came, which, though brief, was very characteristic of Mr. Huxley himself, both in its matter and in its manner. As moreover the account it gives will serve to show that side of Huxley which made him and myself afterwards, to use his own words, "the friendliest of foes," I here insert it:—

It was at one of the early meetings of the Metaphysical Society that I first saw Dr. Ward.² I forget whether he or I was the late comer; at any rate we were not introduced. I well recollect wondering what chance had led the unknown member, who looked so like a jovial country squire, to embark in our galley—that singular rudderless ship, the stalwart oarsmen of which were mostly engaged in pulling as hard as they could against one another, and which consequently performed only circular voyages all the years it was in commission.

But when a few remarks on the subject under discussion fell from the lips of that beaming countenance, it dawned upon my mind that a physiognomy quite as gentle of aspect as that of Thomas Aquinas (if the bust on the Pincian Hill is any authority) might possibly be the façade of a head of like quality. As time went on, and Dr. Ward took a leading part in our deliberations, my suspicions were fully confirmed. As a quick-witted dialectician, thoroughly acquainted with all the weak points of his antagonist's case, I have not met with Dr. Ward's match. And it all seemed to come so easily to him; searching questions, incisive, not to say pungent,

¹ I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Huxley and Mr. Leonard Huxley for permission to print the letters from the late Professor Huxley which appear in the present paper.

² My father was known in the Society as "Dr." Ward, from his Papal degree of Doctor in Philosophy.

replies, and trains of subtle argumentation were poured forth which, while sometimes passing into earnest and serious exposition, would also—when lighter topics came to the front—be accompanied by an air of genial good humor, as if the whole business were rather a good joke. But it was no joke to reply efficiently.

Although my personal intercourse with Dr. Ward was as limited as it might be expected to be between two men who were poles asunder, not only in their occupations and circumstances, but in their ways of regarding life and the proper ends of action, yet I am glad to remember that we soon became the friendliest of foes. It was not long after we had reached this stage that in the course of some truce in our internecine dialectic warfare (I think at the end of one of the meetings of the Metaphysical Society) Dr. Ward took me aside and opened his mind thus: "You and I are on such friendly terms that I do not think it is right to let you remain ignorant of something I wish to tell you." Rather alarmed at what this might portend, I begged him to say on. "Well, we Catholics hold that so and so and so and so [naming certain of our colleagues whose heresies were of a less deep hue than mine] are not guilty of absolutely unpardonable error; but your case is different, and I feel it is unfair not to tell you so." Greatly relieved, I replied, without a moment's delay, perhaps too impulsively, "My dear Dr. Ward, if you don't mind I don't;" whereupon we parted with a hearty hand-shake, and intermitted neither friendship nor fighting thenceforth.

I have often told the story, and not unfrequently I have regretted to observe that my hearer conceived the point of it to lie in my answer. But to my mind the worth of the anecdote consists in the evidence it affords of the character of Dr. Ward. He was before all things a chivalrous English gentleman—I would say a philosophical and theological Quixote, if it were not that our associations with the name of the knight of La Mancha are mainly derived from his adventures, and not from the noble directness and simplicity of mind which led to those misfortunes.

Not very long after I received this graphic word-picture, I became a neighbor of Mr. Huxley's at Eastbourne. We exchanged visits, and afterwards

had many a talk on nearly every conceivable subject, which were among the most intellectually stimulating that I had ever known.

I shall best describe the impression Huxley made on me by contrasting it with the general idea which I, in common no doubt with many another, had formed of him. He always wrote, as Darwin has said, with his pen dipped in *aqua fortis*, and one naturally conceived of him as a combative and even an aggressive man. Moreover the layman's idea of the professional man of science generally includes something of the pedantic. One anticipates that his conversation, however instructive, will deal largely with very technical subjects in very technical language. Again, the tone of some of the essays to which I have referred was unquestionably Voltairian.

All the greater was my surprise to find the three elements of pugilist, pedant, and scoffer not only not prominent, but conspicuous by their absence. In their place was a personality of singular charm. External gifts of manner and presence, and powers of general conversation which would have ensured popularity to any mere man of the world, were combined with those lighter endowments—including great breadth of culture as well as the acquirements of a distinguished specialist—to which no mere man of the world could aspire. I must add that I believe the elements of gentleness and sympathy which gave so much additional charm to his singular brilliancy had become more noticeable in later life; and I have not always found my own impression of a kindness which suggested great tenderness of feeling shared by those whose acquaintance with him belonged to a much earlier date. But these things were conspicuous at the time I speak of; and while I gradually learnt how to explain their consistency with the polemic style which he preserved to the end in his writing, my first impression was that the man and the writer were very dissimilar people.

His appearance is well known. Above

the middle height, the white hair without parting brushed straight back, the lips firm and slightly compressed; a very mobile expression; and I would add (what the current photographs do not represent) eyes full of fire, rather deep-set beneath bushy eyebrows, and a look of keenest interest in all around him, often of great wistfulness. Both in his manner and in his appearance there was marked distinction and dignity. The general impression left by his face was certainly one of intellectual force and activity rather than of scorn.

His conversation was singularly finished and (if I may so express it) clean cut; never long winded or prosy; enlivened by vivid illustrations. He was an excellent *raconteur*, and his stories had a stamp of their own which would have made them always and everywhere acceptable. His sense of humor and economy of words would have made it impossible, had he lived to ninety, that they should ever have been disparaged as symptoms of what has been called "anecdotalage." I was naturally led to compare his conversation with that of two remarkable men whom I had recently been seeing when first I met Huxley. There was the same contrast between his conversation and that of Tennyson or of Cardinal Newman as there was between their views. Tennyson and Newman alike always suggested more than they said. There was an unspoken residuum behind their speech, which, as Wordsworth once said of the peak of a Swiss mountain hidden behind the low clouds, you felt to be there, though you could not see it. Huxley, on the contrary, finished his thoughts completely, and expressed them with the utmost precision. There were not the ruggedness and the gaps which marked Tennyson's speech, nor the pauses, the reserve, the obvious consciousness of suggestion on subjects too wide and intricate for full expression which one felt with Newman. The symmetry and finish of Huxley's utterances were so great that one could not bring oneself to interrupt him, even when this completeness of form seemed to be possible only through ignoring for

the moment much that should not be ignored. No doubt the deafness, which increased in later years, made one yet more ready rather to listen than to talk; but the quickness of his perceptions was so great that dialogue was in its place a matter of no great difficulty. If he heard even a word or two he had the clue to the rest, and seldom failed to follow it successfully.

He seemed to me to be almost the ideal of a converser. He was never frivolous and yet never dull. He did not plunge abruptly into deep subjects, but exchanged the ordinary remarks and greetings with naturalness and simplicity, and then talked according to his company. If one cared for the problems of the mind and of human life, one came to them quickly enough. But he was perfectly happy and at home talking about politics or persons, about his garden, or even about the weather, if his hearers preferred it. And there was nothing which he did not contrive to make interesting.

No doubt such exceptional charm followed the law by which natural gifts keep a certain measure of equality in different persons. It was purchased at some cost. Incisiveness and brilliancy went with over-positiveness. Intolerance and one-sidedness appeared at a certain stage. And although to know him was to reject forever the idea that he was a scoffer, he treated the conclusions of the scientific leaders, even outside the sphere of science, somewhat as the grand inquisitor treated the definitions of the Church. Those who called them in question were regarded as being "outside the pale." It will seem inevitable that one who differed so widely from him should think him (as I did) more ready to see the weaker side of theological positions far apart from his own, than to enter into their real strength. I except, however, from this remark the works of Bishop Butler and Sir William Hamilton, with whose method he had much in common, though he rejected many of their conclusions. The form of his conversation was dialectical rather than suggestive or meditative. One was often

reminded that he was, in some matters, the professed advocate of a cause, and even of a party. It was easy to accept his own statement in his autobiography that his temper was not naturally an even one. One could readily conceive, on provocation, that in word as well as in writing he would be a thoroughly good fighter; and one could picture him driven to bay, with his back to the wall, and dealing out destruction against great odds. I never felt in his discussions the full measure of philosophic calm. Opposite considerations to those which determined his own conclusions were indeed often seen and expressed with great lucidity, but less in the spirit of philosophic inquiry than in that of a just but convinced advocate, whose ultimate positions are absolutely predetermined. Doubtless one felt at the same time that there had been a more judicial sifting of considerations on all sides before his conclusions had been reached, and that the advocacy was not special pleading to order, but the outcome of deep conviction. But none the less his method was distinctly that of the able and lucid exponent of one side. "That is my case, my lord," would have come naturally at the end. His exposition was not that of the thinker who sees horizons on every side, too wide-reaching to be fully described, and yet too unmistakable to be ignored. There were no half-lights or hesitations. All that was contemplated was very distinct; the results arrived at were very definite, and their drift consciously told for the defence of the clear system he had elaborated.

Yet so far as my own experience went, the intellectual pleasure he seemed to find in letting each side say its say and do its best, prevented these characteristics of the partisan from marring intercourse; although, in weighing the value of his own views of things, they must be taken into account. In conversation, I nearly always found him, up to the point beyond which we tacitly agreed not to carry our debates, tolerant as a listener, though always more brilliant, forcible, and definite, than convincing, sug-

gestive, or entirely comprehensive in his replies. His love of the free play of dialectics, irrespective of the side on which they were exercised, was exemplified in his enjoyment of the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas. I have on several occasions interrupted him (as he told me at the time) in the act of perusing its pages. "Aquinas' bust on the Pincian Hill," he once said, "shows a combination of a singularly simple and devout heart, with a head of a very remarkable capacity. He got his premises from his heart, and reached his conclusions with the admirable logical force of his intellect." "His marvellous grasp and subtlety of intellect seem to me to be almost without a parallel," is the tribute which Mr. Huxley has paid in print to the "Angelic Doctor."¹

The same appreciation of the intellectual drill of the schoolman is visible in his account (in the *Lay Sermons*) of a visit he paid some thirty years ago to a Catholic college—which, after the lapse of time, I may mention to have been Maynooth:—

It was my fortune some time ago [he writes] to pay a visit to one of the most important institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church are trained in these islands, and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

The Catholic priest is trained to know his business and do it effectually. The professors of the college in question—learned, zealous, and determined men—permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during a truce—as friendly enemies.

And after recording the confidence with which the professors prophesied that a Church which had survived so many storms would survive the existing infidel movement, and describing the systematic training given to the divinity students with a view to refuting contemporary attacks on Christianity, he adds:—

¹ See "Science and Morals," p. 142.

I heartily respect an organization which meets its enemies in this way, and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better not only for them but for us. The army of liberal thought is at present in very loose order; and many a modern freethinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense. We should be the better for a vigorous and watchful enemy to hammer us into cohesion and discipline; and I for one lament that the bench of bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Bishop Butler of the "Analogy," who, if he were alive, would make short work of the current *à priori* infidelity.

My first talk with Huxley naturally enough turned on the subject of the old Metaphysical Society at which he had known my father. The society, which was originated at the suggestion of Mr. James Knowles, included most of the prominent thinkers on the philosophy of religion, amateurs as well as professionals. Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Martineau, Cardinal Manning, the Duke of Argyll, Tennyson and Ruskin were among the more distinguished members. Huxley was very graphic and amusing in his remarks on this subject. "They were afraid of asking me to join at first," he said; "they thought I should be such a firebrand."

Eventually, however, Huxley did join, and the most friendly relations subsisted between him and (curiously enough) the Catholic members of the society, Father Dalgairns, Cardinal Manning, and my father. But, indeed, members of all schools of thought rapidly became friendly and sympathetic. "This was a great surprise," said Huxley. "We thought at first that it would be a case of Kilkenny cats. Hats and coats would be left in the hall before the meeting, but there would be no wearers left, after it was over, to put them on again. Instead of this we came to love each other like brothers. We all expended so much charity, that had it been money we should have been bankrupt." The work of the society was principally one of mutual understanding. Once each member thor-

oughly understood the position of his opponents, it was seen to involve a divergence in first principles which no argument could effect. Friendliness became the order of the day and debate grew less useful. "The society died of too much love," added Mr. Huxley.

I used, rightly or wrongly, to trace to the influence of the Metaphysical Society a very curious mixture of feelings in Mr. Huxley in respect of his theological opponents. No doubt his polemic against the theologians had been, as he said, suggestive of the "firebrand." Yet nothing could be more kindly than the two accounts I have cited of the Maynooth priests and of the Catholic theologian. And I believe it was the Metaphysical Society which fashioned this somewhat remarkable blend.

The society was founded in 1869. The years immediately preceding its formation had probably stamped deep on his mind a sense of unjust treatment at the hands of professional ecclesiastics. The advocates of Darwinism and of the "higher" criticism of the Scriptures—and Huxley was in both ranks—had been for years treated simply as the enemies of religion. The distinctions familiar to all of us now, the admission on all sides of a measure of truth in both these phases of speculation, were little thought of in the sixties. The "Origin of Species" had appeared in 1859, and Colenso had raised the Scripture question at about the same time. 1859 to 1869 had been for Huxley years of war; and with his very direct and practical mind, he saw in the theological protests of the hour nothing but thoroughly unjust persecution of himself and his friends for researches undertaken in the interests of truth. The ecclesiastical "obstructives" who condemned him without attending to his arguments remained in his mind for a long time as absolute types of bigotry. Their line of action appeared to him to set a *premium* on hypocrisy. The men who had the courage of their convictions were ostracized; and the time-servers among men of science who refused to brave the ignorant clamor of the multitude enjoyed an unenviable

popularity. Huxley's moral sense appeared to be simply revolted by this. Some will think that he failed to do justice to the element of instinctive caution which blended with the real bigotry of those critics who took up the narrowest attitude—the element explained by Cardinal Newman in his defence of the condemnation of Galileo. The principle of economy for the protection of weak minds was not at all congenial to Mr. Huxley, although he did in some degree recognize it. His ruling passion was the advance of scientific truth, and this was being impeded, and a noble sincerity to conviction treated as a crime (he thought) by men, some of whom at least did not seem to him even deeply sincere. It was officialism *versus* true genius.

He was not insensible to the element of moral reprobation among the opponents of evolution which made them mark him out as a dangerous man, and which struck, as he has humorously said, at his "respectability." And I have always supposed that it was in these earlier years of the struggle that he acquired the deep and genuine sense of injustice on the part of ecclesiastics generally, and of anger at what he considered preposterous superstition, which frequently reappeared, to the very end, in his writing.

On the other hand, in the Metaphysical Society the conditions were so different that he inevitably met theological foes on far pleasanter terms. Intercourse was personal, and candid debate was the order of the day. Notably in the case of the Catholic members of the society he could have no feeling of the substitution of a sanctimonious moral reprobation for frank discussion. The great friendliness which arose between the extreme parties in the society introduced a new element of kindly divergence, and apparently gave birth to a real intellectual respect in Huxley for some of the detested theologians. His two sentiments were perhaps not entirely consistent, for men of intellectual force are not likely to defend absurd superstitions; but both remained. And they occasionally led, in conversation,

to a playful combination of language recalling the severest theological condemnation of his views, with the humor and friendly feeling which in almost all cases subsisted in his personal intercourse with opponents. "We wicked people," he would often say, in speaking of himself and his allies. A friendly meeting with priest or clergyman was enjoyed, perhaps as a sign that to some extent by-gones were by-gones; while enough remembrance of opposition remained to give piquancy to the *rencontre*.

I have a good many notes illustrative of some of these phases of his thought. I think it was in 1892 that I saw him just after he had been to a meeting of the trustees of the British Museum. "After the meeting," he told me, "Archbishop Benson helped me on with my great coat. I was *quite overcome* by this species of spiritual investiture. 'Thank you, archbishop,' I said; 'I feel as if I were receiving the *pallium*.'" A little later he met at Maloja a Catholic professor of some German university, and had many a story to tell of their frequent conversations, and of the pleasure he derived from the priest's company, which he had evidently cultivated.

On another occasion he was at a meeting of the British Association in York, and he and Mrs. Huxley went to visit the Minster. He greatly enjoyed the remark on this occasion of Henry Smith (of Oxford celebrity), who met them there. "You did not expect to see us here?" asked Huxley. "Yes, I did," replied Smith, "but on the *pinnacle*."

Something of the same humor, coupled with a remembrance of the days when his championship of evolution was most widely reprobated, appears in a letter which he wrote me from Gloucester in September, 1892, in reply to my congratulations on his being made a privy councillor:—

Very many thanks [he wrote] for your kind congratulations. Morris has a poem somewhere about the man who was born to be a king, and became one in spite of probability. It is evident to me now that

I was born to be respectable. I have done my level best to avoid that honor, but behold me indelibly stamped.

We are staying here with one of our daughters and enjoying the festival. . . . We hope to be back in Eastbourne next week, but we shall have to go to the Grand Hotel, as seven devils in the shape of workmen must be driven out of our house.

See what an opening I have given you for a conclusion to that sentence.

He often resented being identified with simple destruction in matters of religious faith, and disclaimed all sympathy with the scoffing spirit. His opposition to theology had not meant, he said, opposition to religion. I remember his showing me Boehm's bust of himself, and expressing strongly his dislike of its expression. "It is almost Voltairian," he said. "You should not destroy until you are in a position to build up something to replace what you have destroyed," was another saying of his: "Descartes saw that, and advocated a *morale par provision*, a system to act upon (pending the conclusion of his philosophical inquiries)—a system which included adhering to the religion in which he had been brought up." Huxley's application of this principle was very intelligible in his protests against dogmatic infidelity.¹ But it used to seem to me, as I once told him, to be forgotten in his extremely polemical tone, which unquestionably did often lead others to abandon even a provisional adherence to any religious system. But I believe his failure to take this into consideration to have been partly due to the exclusively scientific cast of his mind. The cause of scientific discovery was paramount to all else; and whatever even appeared to impede it he assailed ruthlessly. Moreover he wrote for experts, or at least for careful students. In point of fact, readers include the impressionable and unintellectual as well as the intellectual; and an anti-Christian rhetoric may, for such readers, destroy religious belief wholesale, including positions

which the writer himself, to say the least, considered quite tenable to the end. He said to me once, in 1894, "Faulty and incorrect as is the Christian definition of Theism, it is nearer the truth than the creed of some agnostics who conceive of no unifying principle in the world." He proceeded to defend eloquently the argument from design, referring me to his volume of "Darwiniana," to show that he had admitted in print that it could not be disproved by the evolution theory.² This position, which entirely tallies with his statement that only a "very great fool" would deny in his heart a God conceived as Spinoza conceives him,³ was distinctly short of the degree of agnosticism currently attributed to him by those who read him hastily and blended their own logic with his rhetoric. Such an attitude towards destructive thought, coupled with Descartes' maxim, was perhaps the explanation of his recognizing a value and real sacredness in current religious forms which the aggressive irreligionists of France ostentatiously despise.

Nevertheless he claimed (half humorously) the sanction of Descartes, who lived and died a fervent Catholic, for pressing his speculative doubts to their utmost limit. He once told me that he thought his own lecture on Descartes the best exhibition of his religious attitude as a whole. And it was impossible not to recognize the strenuous honesty which led him to look frankly in the face problems for which he could find no speculative solution. Regarded as a contribution to philosophy, such a method has commended itself to thinkers whose ultimate positions were various—Catholics like Descartes and Pascal, Theists like Kant, as well as negative thinkers. But Descartes did not abandon his religious convictions when he instituted his "methodic doubt," which was to be the instrument of their theoretic justification. It is the identification of what is really only a step towards the analysis of the foundations of belief with the

¹ "Physical science is as little atheistic as it is materialistic" ("Science and Morals," p. 140 Cf. "Life of Hume").

² See "Darwiniana," p. 109.

³ See essay on "Science and Morals," p. 140.

immediate guide to practical conviction, which marks the difference between Huxley and Descartes. Apart from this, one felt the value to the cause of truth of Huxley's lucid and candid exhibition of the "case" of the negative thinker; and one could not but respect his enthusiasm for the man who gives forth his deepest convictions in the face of obloquy, even while one felt that in point of fact consideration for the effect on society might show what was in intention a protest against insincerity, to have been in effect rash and misleading. To Huxley this consideration was not, I think, of weight. To speak out each fresh fragment of truth which he supposed himself to have discerned was to him a duty, and not a complex one. He who thus spoke was confessor or martyr. He did not, I think, realize how often the truest he could see at the moment in science might mislead from the crudity and inaccuracy of its first statement, and from its apparent conflict with equally true convictions of society in other departments. He tended to identify outspoken candor with love of truth, and prudent reserve or patient suspense of judgment with insincerity.

This feeling came out in the course of a talk with him in 1894. He was speaking of Dean Stanley, whose brother Owen he had known in early life, and who had died out at sea in Huxley's arms. "Arthur Stanley was before all things a sincere man," he said.

"Men of ability are common enough, but men of character and conviction are very rare. It is the grandest thing conceivable to see a man speaking out and acting out his convictions in the face of unpopularity. What a grand man was your Gregory the Seventh, though I should not have been pleased for his views to have prevailed. But he was a man of strength and conviction."

He also talked of Kant. "It is remarkable," he said, "that Kant is a very clear writer on physics, though obscure on metaphysics." I said that this seemed a testimony to his depth; it showed the obscurity not to be due to

Kant's own want of perspicuity, but to the difficulty of the subject. Huxley, to whom things were always either evident or unknowable, demurred. "No," he replied, "It was because he did not want too many people to understand him. He would have been persecuted for his scepticism."

The Romanes lecture of 1893 has been much commented on as a recantation of his most aggressive theological views, and Huxley resented this account of it. He pointed out most truly that the position taken up in it had been long ago indicated by him. But many will continue to look on it as an example of his insistence in later years on the more religious admission of his own public teaching. If the logic was that of his other writings, the rhetoric was not; and it was natural that average readers who had ascribed to him an irreligious attitude, much of which was really due to the rhetoric rather than the logic of his earlier works, should now in turn note the change from the hostile tone which they had observed, rather than the identity of his logical position which they had never mastered. I saw him more than once before he went to deliver the lecture, and he was suffering both from weakness and from loss of voice—so much so, that he doubted his being able to deliver it at all.

In the end he went to Oxford and was most cordially received. The lecture was a remarkable one. He shows in it with great force how entirely the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest, as represented in the "cosmic process" antecedent to human civilization, fails to account for the ethical element in man. The cosmic process is destructive, and survival in its course is due to the selfish and self-assertive elements in sentient nature. These elements—which in man are the "original sin" of the theologians—remain in the race, and have to be counteracted, if social life is to be possible, by the more or less artificial cultivation of the sympathetic and conscientious elements. He sent me a copy

of the lecture, and I wrote expressing my strong assent to some of its main propositions, although I added that he would no doubt not accept the "transcendental" conclusion which I should draw from his arguments.

The Oxford business [he wrote to me in reply], lecture, dinner and all, was too much for me; and even after three or four days' rest in a quiet country house I collapsed on our way to another, and had to come straight home. Since my return I have been almost living in the garden, and otherwise most diligently idle. I read [your] chapter on the *Metaphysical*,¹ though, and was delighted with the saying that it died of too much love, attributed to me by such a competent witness that I am not going to dispute the fact, though I had utterly forgotten it.

I was quite sure you would agree with my main thesis (in the *Romanes Lecture*), for it is only the doctrine that Satan is the Prince of this world—from the scientific side.

Why should not materialists be transcendentalists? What possible difference can it make whether the hypostatized negative "substance" is the same for mind and matter or different?

I am very sorry my cigar man served you so badly. I cannot make it out, as he invariably sends me the same quality. That confounded "cosmic process" has got hold of him.

Ever yours very faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

I have said that his conversation had the widest range. Point and humor were always there. If he spoke of persons or scenes, you carried away some definite feature of the personality or events in question.

I well remember his description—given with true Yankee twang—of a lecture he had to deliver at New York, where he was received with great enthusiasm. The reporters of the *Baltimore paper* called on him, and said they must have the lecture for publication on the day of its delivery. Huxley explained that the lecture existed as yet only in his own head. Still they pressed for it,

and he complied with their demand, stipulating that if he rehearsed it for them they must give him a copy, lest they should publish one lecture and he should give another. The rehearsal was made, and the copy sent; but when he opened it—in the very Lecture Hall itself—it proved to be a wholly illegible transcript on tissue paper. To make the story perfect he ought to have delivered an entirely different lecture from the one reported; but his excellent memory served him, and the reports of the actual lecture and of the rehearsal, although somewhat different, were not sufficiently so to betray what had occurred.

I felt my impression of Carlyle's dogged Scotch unsympathetic persistency in measuring everything by his own ideas sensibly deepened by a story which Huxley told me of their mutual relations. Carlyle and he were for long good friends, but had a serious difference on the evolution question in the early stages of the controversy. Their personal intercourse ceased in consequence. After an interval of many years Huxley happened to see the Scotchman crossing the street in London, and thinking that by-gones might be by-gones, went up to him and spoke to him. Carlyle did not at first recognize him, but when he had made out who it was, he at once said, with his Scotch twang, as though he were continuing the last conversation of years ago, "You're Huxley, are you? You're the man that's trying to persuade us all that we're the children of apes; while I am saying that the great thing we're really got to do is to make ourselves as much unlike apes as possible." Huxley, who had hoped that the weather or politics might have been admitted for the sake of peace, soon found that the best thing he could do was to retreat, and return to their tacit agreement to differ.

So, too, Stanley's impressionable and imaginative nature was brought out by him in an anecdote. Stanley, vividly impressed by the newest thought of the hour, liberal, and advanced by family and school tradition, had sympathized

¹ In W. G. Ward and the *Catholic Revival* (Macmillan).

with Colenso's treatment of the Bible in some degree; yet his historical impressionableness told the other way. Huxley explained his position thus:—

"Stanley could believe in anything of which he had seen the supposed site, but was sceptical where he had not seen. At a breakfast at Monckton Milnes's, just at the time of the Colenso row, Milnes asked me my views on the Pentateuch, and I gave them. Stanley differed from me. The account of creation in Genesis he dismissed at once as unhistorical; but the call of Abraham, and the historical narrative of the Pentateuch, he accepted. This was because he had seen Palestine—but he wasn't present at the Creation."

Admirably did he once characterize Tennyson's conversation. "Doric beauty is its characteristic—perfect simplicity, without any ornament or anything artificial." Of an eminent person whose great subtlety of mind was being discussed, he said that the constant over-refinement of distinctions in his case destroyed all distinctness. Anything could be explained away, and so one thing came to mean the same as its opposite. Some one asked, "Do you mean that he is untruthful?" "No," replied Huxley, "he is not clear-headed enough to tell a lie."

One of the subjects of his enthusiasm was John Bright—his transparent sincerity, his natural distinction, his oratorical power. "If you saw him and A. B." (naming a well-known nobleman) "together," he said, "you would have set down Bright as the aristocrat, and the other as the plebeian. His was the only oratory which ever really held me. His speeches were masterpieces. There was the sense of conviction in them, great dignity, and the purest English."

He once spoke strongly of the insight into scientific method shown in Tennyson's "In Memoriam," and pronounced it to be "quite equal to that of the greatest experts." Tennyson he considered the greatest English master of melody except Spenser and Keats. I told him of Tennyson's insensibility to music, and he replied that it was curious that scientific men as a rule

had more appreciation of music than poets or men of letters. He told me of one long talk he had had with Tennyson, and added that immortality was the one dogma to which Tennyson was passionately devoted.

Of Browning, Huxley said: "He really has music in him. Read his poem, 'The Thrush,' and you will see it. Tennyson said to me," he added, "that Browning had plenty of music in him, but he could not get it out."

A few more detached remarks illustrate the character and tastes of the man. He expressed once his delight in Switzerland and in the beauty of Monte Generoso. "There is nothing like Switzerland," he said. "But I also delight in the simplest rural English scenery. A country field has before now entranced me." "One thing," he added, "which weighs with me against pessimism, and tells for a benevolent Author of the universe, is my enjoyment of scenery and music. I do not see how they can have helped in the struggle for existence. They are gratuitous gifts."

He enjoyed greatly the views within his reach at Eastbourne, and his enjoyment was stimulated by the constitutional walk which took him frequently up the downs. "The incubus of thought is got rid of," he said, "if you walk up a hill and walk fast." He was eloquent on the beauty of Beachy Head. "Building at Eastbourne is one of the few prudent things I ever did. It contradicts the proverb, 'Fools build houses for wise men to live in.'"

He spoke of the Royal Commission on Vivisection. "The general feeling was at first strongly for vivisection," he said, "but one German changed the current of opinion by remarking, 'I chloroform a cat because it scratches, but not a dog.'" This at once suggested possibilities of cruelty, and (as I understood) was the cause of the amount of restriction ultimately placed on the practice. Apropos of vivisection, he spoke strongly of the absurdity of the outcry against it, as long as such things as pigeon-shooting were tolerated for mere amusement.

Speaking of two men of letters, with neither of whom he sympathized, he once said, "Don't mistake me; I don't class them together. One is a thinker and man of letters, the other is only a literary man. Erasmus was a man of letters, Gigadibs a literary man. A. B. is the incarnation of Gigadibs. I should call him *Gigadibius optimus maximus*. When I showed him the various accounts of the Metaphysical Society which had been sent to me, and which revealed certain discrepancies, he said, "Don't get any more, or the German critics will prove conclusively that it never existed." Characteristic, too, was his genial pleasure in telling us how his little granddaughter looked at him, and then said emphatically, "Well, you're the curiousest old man I ever saw."

My talks with him during the last year of his life were almost entirely connected with the philosophy of religious faith. In 1894 I introduced to him a young friend of mine, an Oxford man, who lived in Eastbourne. On this occasion he was very eloquent in Bishop Butler's praise, and on the conclusiveness of his argument in the "Analogy" as far as it went. "But Butler was really one of us," he added. "That halting style, that hesitancy in expression, show that he was looking for a conclusion—something which he had not yet found." My friend remarked that Newman thought that that something was Catholicism, and that Newman had developed Butler in a Catholic sense. "A most ingenious developer," replied Huxley, with amused emphasis.

He went up to Oxford for the meeting of the British Association, and I saw him shortly after his return. The whole thing had tired him very much, but the enthusiastic reception he had met with evidently gratified him. He criticised Lord Salisbury's address, in which he had spoken of the argument from design, and had attacked Weismann for ruling it out of court.

"After all [Huxley continued] my predominant feeling was one of triumph. I recalled the last meeting of the British Association at Oxford in

the sixties, when it was supposed to be downright atheism to accept evolution at all, and when Bishop Wilberforce turned to me in public and said, "Was it your grandfather or grandmother, Mr. Huxley, who was an ape?" And now Lord Salisbury, though he ventured to attack us, did not venture to question the doctrine of evolution—the thing for which he had really been struggling."

He was highly pleased with an article on him which appeared in January, 1895, in the *Quarterly*. "It made me feel quite young again," he said. "It is a strong attack, of course, but very well written. I know a good bit of work when I see it." He recurred several times to this article, and the significance of his pleasure struck me when I came to read it. For, like the Romanes lecture, the article emphasized that side of Huxley's teaching which was consistent with the Theistic view of life—a side so often ignored by his critics. "I have been attacked all my life," he added, "but so are many better men than me. Those whose views ultimately triumph often go through the most obloquy in their own time."

There is a sad interest in the last scenes of the life of a man of genius which will be sufficient excuse for describing in some detail the last long conversation which I had with Mr. Huxley. Some one had sent me Mr. A. J. Balfour's book on "Foundations of Belief" early in February, 1895. We were very full of it, and it was the theme of discussion on the 17th of February, when two friends were lunching with us. Not long after luncheon Huxley came in, and seemed in extraordinary spirits. He began talking of Erasmus and Luther, expressing a great preference for Erasmus, who would, he said, have impregnated the Church with culture and brought it abreast of the thought of the times, while Luther concentrated attention on individual doctrines. "It was very trying for Erasmus to be identified with Luther, from whom he differed absolutely. A man ought to

be ready to endure persecution for what he does hold; but it is hard to be persecuted for what you don't hold." I said that I thought his estimate of Erasmus's attitude toward the Papacy coincided with Professor R. C. Jebb's. He asked if I could lend him Jebb's Rede Lecture on the subject. I said that I had not got it at hand, but I added, "I can lend you another book which I think you ought to read—Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.'"

He at once became extremely animated, and spoke of it as those who have read his criticisms, published in the following month, would expect. "You need not lend me that. I have exercised my mind with it a good deal already. Mr. Balfour ought to have acquainted himself with the opinions of those he attacks. One has no objection to being abused for what one *does* hold, as I said of Erasmus—at least, one is prepared to put up with it. An attack on us by some one who understood our position would do all of us good—myself included. But Mr. Balfour has acted like the French in 1870—he has gone to war without any ordnance maps, and without having surveyed the scene of the campaign. No human being holds the opinion he speaks of as 'naturalism.' He is a good debater. He knows the value of a word. The word 'naturalism' has a bad sound and unpleasant associations. It would tell against us in the House of Commons, and so it will with his readers. 'Naturalism' contrasts with 'supernaturalism.' He has not only attacked us for what we don't hold, but he has been good enough to draw out a catechism for 'us wicked people' to teach us what we *must* hold."

It was rather difficult to get him to particulars, but we did so by degrees. He said, "Balfour uses the word *phenomena* as applying simply to the outer world and not to the inner world. The only people whom his attack would hold good of would be the Comtists, who deny that psychology is a science. They may be left out of account. They advocate the crudest eighteenth-century materialism. All the empiricists,

from Locke onwards, make the observation of the phenomena of the mind itself quite separate from the study of mere sensation. No man in his senses supposes that the sense of beauty, or the religious feelings [this with a courteous bow to a priest who was present], or the sense of moral obligation, are to be accounted for in terms of sensation, or come to us through sensation." I said that, as I understood it, I did not think Mr. Balfour supposed they would acknowledge the position he ascribed to them, and that one of his complaints was that they did not work out their premises to their logical conclusions. I added that so far as one of Mr. Balfour's chief points was concerned—the existence of the external world—Mill was almost the only man on their side in this century who had faced the problem frankly, and he had been driven to say that all men can know is that there are "permanent possibilities of sensation." He did not seem inclined to pursue the question of an external world, but said that though Mill's "logic" was very good, empiricists were not bound by all his theories.

He characterized the book as a very good and even brilliant piece of work from a literary point of view; but as a helpful contribution to the great controversy, the most disappointing he had ever read. I said, "There has been no adverse criticism of it yet." He answered with emphasis, No! *but there soon will be.* "From you?" I asked. "I let out no secrets," was the reply.

He then talked with great admiration and affection of Mr. Balfour's brother, Francis. His early death and W. K. Clifford's (Huxley said) had been the greatest loss to science—not only in England but in the world—in our time. "Half-a-dozen of us old fogies could have been better spared." He remembered Frank Balfour as a boy at Eton, and saw his unusual talent there. "Then my friend, Michael Forster, took him up at Cambridge and found out that he had real genius for biology. I used to say there was science in the

blood, but this new book of his brother's," he added, smiling, "shows I was wrong."

Apropos to his remark about the Comtists, one of the company pointed out that in later life Comte recognized a science of "the individual," equivalent to what Huxley meant by psychology. "That," he replied, "was due to the influence of Clotilde de Vaux. You see," he added with a kind of Sir Charles Grandison bow to my wife, "what power your sex may have." As Huxley was going out of the house I said to him that Father A. B. (the priest who had been present) had not expected to find himself in his company. "No! I trust he had plenty of holy water with him," was the reply.

Before he left we had an amusing instance of his positiveness. I reminded him that I had met him a month earlier in embarrassing circumstances. My hat had fallen into a pond, and I had asked him whether to walk home hatless or in the wet hat. "I took your advice," I said, "as the most learned man in England on such subjects. I put on the hat, and I have had a frightful cold in the head ever since." He replied promptly and quite seriously, "You would have had pneumonia if you had kept it off."

After he had gone we were all agreed as to the extraordinary vigor and brilliancy he had shown. Some one said, "He is like a man who is what the Scotch call 'fey.'" We laughed at the idea; but we naturally recalled the remark later on.

Shortly afterwards I was anxious to get Huxley's advice as to an illustration I proposed to use in a review of the "Foundations of Belief," connected with the gradual growth of sensitiveness to light in sentient beings. Being away from Eastbourne I wrote to him. His reply, written on the 27th of February—just before the commencement of his last illness—has a melancholy interest now.

I am not sure [he wrote] that any information of the kind you need is extant. Among the lowest forms of life "sensitiveness to light" is measured only by the way

in which they group themselves towards or away from light, and it may signify nothing but a physical operation with which sensitiveness in the ordinary sense has nothing to do. The only clue here is in the state of the visual organ, where such exists. It can be traced down from the highest form of eyes step by step to the end of a single nerve filament surrounded by dark pigment and covered by the transparent outer skin. But whether in the last case the nerve ending is as much affected by the light (i.e. ether waves) as the nerve endings in the higher eyes are, and whether the affection of the nerve substance gives rise to a state of consciousness like that produced in us by light waves, are quite insoluble questions.

The most comprehensive discussion of the subject I can call to mind is in Tom. XII. of Milne Edwards's "*Leçons sur la Physiologie*," and I can lend you the volume, and if you are back here before you want to use your information, I can supply you with oral commentary and diagrams *ad libitum*. There is not much water in the well, but you shall pump it dry with pleasure.

The first instalment of my discussion of the "Foundations of Belief" will be out in a day or two. I am sorry to say that my opinion of the book as anything more than a mere bit of clever polemic sinks steadily.

My wife is much better, and I have contrived to escape the pestilence yet. If I could compound for a day or two's neuralgia, I would not mind, but I abhor that long incapacity and convalescence.

Ever yours very faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

The very next day he was taken ill, and after four months, in which that vigorous mind and frame struggled with illness and exhaustion, he passed away.

So ended the life of one of whom Englishmen are justly proud for the extraordinary lucidity and brilliancy with which he impressed on his generation the characteristic scientific creed of his time, as well as for much else which specialists will measure with greater accuracy than the general reader.

In the problems of ethics of religion, to which he gave so much attention, I have attempted to convey my own

impression, which will not be shared by those who fix their attention wholly on the destructive side of his teaching, that he united two divergent tendencies. Descartes combined the philosophy of "methodic doubt" with the faith of a Catholic. The same certainly cannot be said of Huxley. But that an antithesis between his theoretical methods and his practical attitude did impress some of those most interested in his remarkable mind the foregoing pages have shown. I concur with those who believe that his rooted faith in ethical ideals, which he confessed himself unable to account for by the known laws of evolution,¹ implied a latent recognition of the claims of religious mystery as more imperative and important than he could explicitly admit on his own agnostic principles. Careful students of his writings are aware how far more he left standing of Christian faith than was popularly supposed even in his explicit theories; and this knowledge appeared more and not less significant to many of those who conversed with him.

One thing, at all events, was beyond question—that his occasional flippancy in controversy represented no levity in his way of regarding serious and sacred subjects as a whole. It was in some cases provoked by real narrowness in good people, and sometimes by what I could not but consider his own narrowness, which failed to view minor details of popular Christianity in their true proportion; and sometimes by the temptation to take controversial advantage of positions current among the orthodox which theologians themselves are likely eventually to abandon. Had he lived in the early seventeenth century he would have represented Christianity as standing or falling with the truth of the Ptolemaic system, and have depicted the theologians, who would not at once break with the Ptolemaic interpretation of Josue, as

the most vivid caricatures of unreason.

Such considerations made it seem to many of those who met him more philosophical, as it certainly was more natural, not to attach the weight currently given to his attacks on incidental features of a system whose laws of organic growth he never comprehended.

Apart from these subjects one could not but learn much, even amid great divergence, and feel that divergence itself became less by mutual explanation. Had he found a logical place in his theory of knowledge for the great ethical ideals he so much revered in word and in practice, I cannot but think that a far greater change in his philosophy would have taken place than he ever contemplated. At all events, he had the power of intercourse, largely sympathetic, with those who could have had little in common with him, had the man been simply identical with his speculative agnosticism.

WILFRID WARD.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CEMETERY OF THE LILIES.

In a little village near Le Puy (department of the Haute-Loire) there stands a house of considerable size, with large adjoining grounds, inhabited by Jesuit students of philosophy and scholastic theology. The house itself and the adjacent chapel are on a level with the highroad, which they face; but immediately behind the house and chapel the grounds rise, terrace above terrace, with a very steep acclivity, to more than twice the height of the two-storied building. Each terrace is a place of study, both healthful and pleasant; for they are all planted with large trees, and the students walk about under the shade, looking over their philosophical and theological notes, taken in class. Especially do they frequent the terraces in summer, when preparing for the grand examinations, either separately, or (when permission to speak has been obtained) by groups of two or three together. These walks also run

¹ "Cosmic evolution may teach us how the good and evil tendencies of man may have come about; but, in itself, it is incompetent to furnish any better reason why what we call good is preferable to what we call evil than we had before."

to a certain distance to the left of the house, parallel with the highway. Just beneath the nearest of them is to be seen a large cistern, filled by a stream that comes running down the hill and overflows into the meadow below; in summer it is used as a swimming-bath. And at the end of this nearest and lowest of the terraces is a door in a stone wall; if you open it, you can go into the Cemetery of the Lilies.

The ground slopes upwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, if not more. From the top downwards, ever since the Jesuits came to live here, it has been gradually peopled, and the few graves of the first years have now become a multitude. Very simple graves, with only a cross, the name, and the date; laid out as flower-beds in almost all seasons of the year. In May especially the cemetery presents a unique appearance, on account of the great number of tall, white lilies that bloom together there in pure, rich loveliness, more than twenty on each grave. Possibly, this blaze of white, this superabundance of one color, even though the most beautiful of all, may not quite satisfy a fastidious taste; but it has a symbolic meaning besides. There they stand, those lilies, in all their sublime purity and stateliness, undulating to and fro in the sweet-scented wind; bees go into their calices and come out, covered all over with golden pollen.

Forty years ago, only a low fence separated this cemetery from the neighboring lane that ran up the hill, narrow, deep-sunk, strewn with fragments of red volcanic tufa, as is the custom in this part of the country, where the abundance of cinders and scoriæ from the eruptions of extinct volcanoes renders muddy roads comparatively rare. But now a high stone wall has been built, and the passer-by can no longer see the radiant blaze of the cemetery. Our tale—a true one in its main features—takes us back to the time when the low fence was the only barrier between the burial-ground and the outer world.

It was a quarter past seven in the

morning; but the community had been up ever since four. Frère Gonthier, a young "Brother," belonging to the second class of the three-year course of philosophy—that most interesting year of all, when the vexed question of *atoms v. matter and form* puzzles the mind, and all the demonstrations of the soul's immortality are criticised in turn,—Frère Gonthier, having just finished breakfast, was watering some flowers in the cemetery, of which he had asked and obtained leave to become gardener. As yet there were only about forty graves, perhaps not so many. The space where the next brother (or father—who could tell?) would lie was vacant; but the students often came to look at it saying to themselves, "Perhaps my place will be there;" all thinking that to die in the Society and be buried in its consecrated ground was "a consummation devoutly to be wished." By some mistake a lily had been either planted or suffered to grow up on the spot. Frère Gonthier, seeing how well it grew even on soil not laid out, had watered it carefully; and now it bloomed with the others. As he watered it this day, he looked at the ground, saying half-audibly to himself, "Something tells me that my turn will be next. I hope I am not wrong; the sooner the better." This was not necessarily a wicked outburst of despair. The young Jesuit is trained to meditate upon death so often that he is no longer afraid of it. He frequently during those meditations desires "to be dissolved," or at least thinks he does; for when the hour comes, though all are resigned, all are not desirous. In the abstract, at least, he considers death as a gain; after scorn and revilings and contumely for the name he bears, he hopes for a crown of life and ineffable glory. So it was not necessarily despair that made Frère Gonthier speak as he did; but was there not, in fact, something like despair in his wish? We shall see later. At all events, Rodriguez, the oracle of asceticism, says that it is lawful

¹ The title *Father* is reserved to priests.

piously to wish for death, even were it only on account of the miseries of life; and if our brother has felt these miseries very keenly, can we blame him for desiring them to come to an end?

Half past seven struck. At eight o'clock the lesson is to begin. Frère Gonthier, who is very methodical, intends spending from 7.30 to 7.45, as he always does, in reading his *Journal of the Novitiate*, a diary in which he has noted down all his experiences concerning his progress in the "ways of the Spirit" during the two years of his probation; he will afterwards, from 7.45 to 8, read over his philosophical notes, in order to prepare himself for class. But it is his established custom to examine his conscience every quarter of an hour. What has he done amiss whilst watering the plants? Has his mind strayed from thoughts of piety, of study, or of his actual occupation? Once, a flower has made him think of the home of his childhood. It was an idle thought, bringing no spiritual fruit; as such it should be avoided; and his subject of examination is *Self-Concentration* this week. So he pulls at his "chapelet de conscience," a contrivance for noting down by means of beads the number of faults committed; for he will have to note down at noon in his book the sum-total of faults, comparing it for progress with the sum-total of last night's examination before bedtime. All this he does on his way to his room, which he shares with a couple of other students, absent for the time. Its furniture is no richer than that of the ordinary rooms for students; whitewashed walls with a few pious engravings, three beds on iron bedsteads, three stands, three tables with a few books and a lamp, three chairs, three stools, a large stove, a "bénitier"—and nothing else. He kneels down, says a short prayer after having crossed himself with holy water, and takes his seat; we will look over his shoulder.

June the 15th.—I went to see the master of the novices to-day. He questioned me very much about the rules. I was happy to be able to say that, intentionally at least,

I had broken none; no, nor have ever done since my entrance here. He then questioned me about my temptations. I had to tell the truth; as usual, I had none. This seemed to perplex him. I write down exactly (so far as I can recollect) what he said to me. "Frère, I must tell you that your case is peculiar; I may say that in all my experience I have never met with one like yours before. You observe the strictest watch over your eyes; you keep all the rules; your fraternal charity is a model to all your brothers; much more, you have so little vanity that I can say all this to you without fear of doing you harm; and lastly, you have no temptations. I have tried you in every way, you have always stood the test well, and always said that you found no difficulty in standing it. Now, Frère, you are leaving the novitiate, but mark my words. Either you are a saint—a perfect man from the first day of your entrance, after that blow which rendered life in the world impossible to you—which is improbable to the last degree; or some day you will be assailed by some terrible temptation, all the more terrible because deferred. Therefore, be always on the lookout for it; never relax your vigilance. It may come upon you when you think yourself securest."

"That was about three years ago," said Frère Gonthier, *sotto voce*; "two years here, or not much less, and one year in a college. Well, it has waited a long time, and does not seem to be in a hurry to come now." He remained for a time plunged in thought; then, hearing the clock strike the three-quarters, he made a short "examination of conscience," as was his wont, and went out with his book of philosophical notes to look over some quotations in the library, and overhaul Aquinas, Goudin, Silvester, Maurus, and Suarez. We shall not follow him there, but remain in his room, and commit the indiscretion of looking through his "*Journal Spirituel*," making such extracts therefrom as may be most interesting:—

July 27, 1841.—It appears that I am expected to write a diary; I am obedient. I saw Father Sabaudier, the master of the novices, to-day, and told him how, in the state of misery to which I am now re-

duced, I am determined either to go to Africa as a soldier and get killed by the Arabs or the climate, or else to become a Jesuit, and living, be like a dead man,—*sicut cadaver*. He answered that he understood my position well, and felt for me; but that the feeling of misery was not, taken by itself, a sufficient motive for entering the Society. I must see clearly that it is the best thing I can do, and offer myself, the Society reserving the right to accept or refuse me. So this evening I begin a Retreat, during which I am to see which of the two conditions—that of a soldier or that of a Jesuit—it is better for me to choose.

July 28.—The father, besides the particular examination on the rules of the Retreat, indispensable for success, has directed me not to think of her. Well, I will not; for what use is my thinking? That is, I will try my best; but can I help thinking of a wound that rankles so fearfully? O Hélène! lost to me, lost to all! lost forever in this world! I will not think of you; and yet you will be present in every one of my thoughts, and words, and deeds, until my dying day; the mainspring of all my actions, and even the source of my vocation to a religious life!

Let us pass over a few pages containing the abstract of his meditations, until we find him making his irrevocable choice.

August 2.—Yes, I am quite calm. That is the proper state, Ignatius says, for making my “*élection*,” and I have elected poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus. I already feel as if I were dead to the world. Well, instead of killing men for the greater glory of France, I shall preach, give lessons, and hear confessions for the greater glory of God. That is better, much better—for my fellow-creatures; it is my duty to think of them. And as for dying soon, Father Sabaudier says that some missions are very unhealthy, and others perilous: I may ask to be sent there. It is no sin, he says. Men have the right to risk death in battle, or in seeking a fortune, or even in trying to get a living; how much more in spreading the truth amongst the heathen!

Then follow the ordinary entries of the novitiate, monotonous by their

sameness, and still more so by a certain lack of fervor or of that strife with difficulties that are overcome only by fervor. In Frère Gonthier's case there were no difficulties to overcome. He was never tempted to say a sharp word to any brother; why should he be unkind? nor to laugh at trifles, as most novices do; where was the use of it? nor to eat more than was necessary; he was told not to think of what he ate, and he obeyed. One entry alone is worth transcribing; it comes much later, towards the end of the novitiate, and may give us a clue to his state of mind:—

I saw the master to-day, and told him of a thought that struck me during the meditation this morning. I believe that only one thing could possibly be a danger for my vocation and that thing is impossible unless a miracle takes place. If Hélène, my betrothed one, were to rise again from the dead! It was a wild thought; but I felt—and I told the father so—that if it took place, I should not remain in the novitiate one day. He gently scolded me for making suppositions as to what I should do in the event of a practically impossible condition of things. “If that should ever happen,” said he, “God would give you his grace; at present, not having that grace, you do not feel quite equal to bearing such a temptation against your vows. I knew,” said he, “a brother who was tortured for months, notwithstanding all I could say, at the thought of what he should do if commanded by holy obedience to eat a spider!”

So Frère Gonthier, after the death of his intended wife, had entered the Society of Jesus. After the novitiate he was sent for one year to the colleges, as a *surveillant*—a severe test of virtue, imposed as seldom as possible, on account of the great strain which the sudden and complete change from contemplative to most busy life produces; but here too he was faultless. Neither the hard toil of correcting the pupils' tasks, nor the worrying liveliness of the boys, nor the impatient vivacity of the other masters, ever wrought any alteration in his demeanor. His temper was not cheerful and not sad; it

was serenely passionless. His patience was admirable; so were his activity and industry; so was his observation of the rule of silence, and the ease with which he spent the recreations without either lapsing into drollery, or falling into disputes, or affecting exaggerated piety. And yet when, on his coming to the scholasticate to begin his philosophical studies, he saw his former master of the novices, now a Père de Résidence, one of the first things that the latter said to him was: "I fear, mon frère, that you have not the spirit of the Society yet. This absence of all defects is ominous. I never heard of sanctity acquired without a struggle. Such a thing is inconceivable. You know the saying, 'Novices seem holy and are not; scholars neither seem nor are so; young fathers are, but do not seem; profess fathers both seem and are.' I cannot place you in the last category so soon; you are yet on the threshold of the novitiate in my eyes."

Frère Gonthier listened to all this very quietly. Too quietly perhaps. And yet, why so? for holy indifference is the right thing after all. Only the question is whether this indifference was holy. During class, in the last quarter of an hour reserved for inquiries and objections, Frère Gonthier urged, in the most technical scholastic Latin, and with very cogent logic, the problem as to whether the system of atoms without size—mere mathematical points—could be upheld, seeing that all action at a distance is inadmissible, and that such atoms, if they touched each other, would coincide. Even the professor was embarrassed, and in the class public opinion henceforth swayed strongly towards other theories. But Frère Gonthier cared for none of those things after all.

After class, he recollected that he had not watered all the flowers yet, and that the watering-can still stood in the cemetery half full. When he had ended his self-imposed task, he found himself again standing near what was to be his future grave. What a beautiful lily that was growing out of it! so

stately, so tall, so dazzlingly white in the splendor of the May sunbeams! The brother felt something akin to interest, and passed his hand over the flower with a caressing touch, until he lightly grasped the stem. Just then a step was heard in the lane; he instinctively turned his head and looked that way. Now, those who are acquainted with the rules of the Jesuits will perhaps here find means to criticise my narrative. A model brother, as I call him, and so unmindful of the rules of modesty as to look curiously at a person walking up the lane? Highly improbable! It would indeed seem so at first sight. But we must not forget that Frère Gonthier had passed through the ordeal of college life, and that, for the fulfilment of the duties of a *surveillant* there, a quick eye that sees many things is required. The "modesty" of the novice—eyes cast down, fixed on the ground at two or three paces before you—can hardly continue to be practical at other times and in other situations. Still Frère Gonthier would, I admit, have done better if he had not given way to this first movement of curiosity. One glance. One only, and the passer-by was no longer to be seen. But the brother's face had suddenly turned pale as death; he felt a great pain in his wildly palpitating heart, towards which all his blood had flowed; and, not knowing what he was doing, he clenched his hand and broke the stem of the beautiful lily that was in its grasp. For he had just seen passing before him, dressed like a peasant girl, coarsely and poorly, the very image of the dead Hélène! as like to her as the reflection in a mirror is to that which is reflected. His first feeling of strong emotion, however, soon passed away; and then he heaved a deep sigh; "Nevermore, nevermore! What a strange likeness! Were she still alive, I myself should have been mistaken. . . . Ah, what have I done? Poor broken lily!" Poor indeed; for it looked a most piteous thing, hanging down wretchedly from its straight stalk. Frère Gonthier thought it would be best to

open the ground and bury it out of sight, in that grave which he hoped soon to occupy.

If we looked into his account-book of the particular examination of conscience, we should have found these words, written at noon: "Many faults to-day. Peculiar circumstances have awakened old memories, to which my mind cannot help going back." In the refectory, at dinner-time, he was, contrary to his custom, very absent. A brother opposite him had not been provided with a spoon when the table was laid, and sat with his plate full of soup before him, stiff and stern and hungry, the odor of the savory dish ascending in vain to his nostrils; for it was recommended, as a rule calculated to foster brotherly attention and thoughtfulness, never to order anything oneself until it was clear that no neighbor had noticed the deficiency. This time even Frère Gonthier, though very seldom inattentive, did not notice him. At length his patience was exhausted, and he struck three sharp blows upon his glass with his knife, bringing the refectory servant up at once to see what was wanting, and awakening Frère Gonthier from his reverie, rather ashamed of himself that such a thing could have happened. What numerous trains of old associations and honey-sweet memories had the sight of that face conjured up within his mind?

After dinner Frère Gonthier felt no great wish to spend the recreation with his brothers. He was allowed to pass as much of his time as he liked in the garden; so, leaving the rest of the community to laugh and broach philosophical discussions, and relate anecdotes about college life,—how one old surveillant found means to bring an unruly division under control, or how a most eloquent preacher had, when a teacher, totally failed in the management of his class,—he said his *Ave Maria*, went into the cemetery, and dug hard, keeping company with his own thoughts. It was his duty; and why should he not do his duty? A brother came and offered to help him; the offer,

I need not say, was declined with thanks. He had not much to do, and would probably very soon have finished. And they all said in recreation, "Ce bon frère! how zealously he labors, and what pains he takes with our beautiful little cemetery!" But the bon frère was so busy in his work that he totally forgot his customary examinations of conscience, and only remembered them with dismay at the end of the recreation, when the big bell rang. On leaving the place he felt, and he knew not why, depressed and miserable. He prepared himself for the class of physics in an absent way, took few notes, and asked no questions. A strange torpor had seized upon him all at once. Was it really torpor, though? See how fast he walks to the cemetery as soon as class is over, without stopping to go down to the refectory and take some of the bread and wine that is served at goûter! Now he is busily at work, laying out a small garden somewhat below the burial-ground, but very near that part of the fence which commands a view of the lane. He has worked for a long time, but does not put his spade away yet. Now he hears steps approaching; some one is coming down the hill. And again he looks; this time not by a mere mechanical impulse, but with intense curiosity.

It is she! Those white and ruddy cheeks, that pure alabaster forehead, the bold pencilling of those arched eyebrows, those brown laughing eyes, and full red pouting lips—a luxuriance of beauty run wild, strong, healthy, splendid, like the sunbeams on the waters—they are the same, and yet not the same, as what he saw, with dry eyes and heart turned to stone, laid low in the grave, four years ago. She chanced to look up, and their eyes met; and he almost thought it extraordinary that the glance from those eyes showed no recognition; in that, and in that alone, was she unlike his lost *Hélène*. It was a hot day, but he still continued to work; a fit of feverish energy had seized him; as he went to and from the cistern, from and to the burial-ground.

filling and emptying the watering-can, the perspiration ran in streams down his cheeks. He wanted to subdue one sort of excitement by another, but it was in vain; his blood seemed all on fire. What he still took for harmless curiosity—a mere reminiscence of his dead fiancée—was so no longer. He knew that he ought not to have looked at the girl so attentively, and that he should have kept steadily to his examination subject—Self-Concentration; but he quieted his conscience by remembering that St. Ignatius would not have his rules oblige under pain of sin, but of imperfection only. Imperfection only! And is that nothing, O brother, and what powerful charm makes you hold it of so little account? You were not taught so.

He remembers, just in time, that he has to defend a philosophical thesis at a *circulus* (or sort of debating meeting) that very evening, and is not yet prepared. He will have to deal with a subtle opponent, well read in Aquinas, and clever in propounding unforeseen difficulties not to be found in any book. So he goes to the library and sets to work; but how differently from the quiet methodical work of the morning! The result may be guessed beforehand. His "thesis" is expounded and proved so feebly as to astonish both the students and the professor. Then, when the adversary, after his preliminary challenge "*Contra tuam thesim . . . argumentor*," begins to argue, Frère Gonthier gives a wrong distinction at the first syllogism, and gets wofully stuck in the mud, after two or three. "Our Frère is surely ill," think, at the close of the debate, all those intellectual epicures who expected to enjoy a "feast of reason" and have to go down disappointed to supper; "he never was in such bad form before." At the evening recreation some of the most pious tried to improve the occasion by observing how well and with what saintly indifference he received the humiliation—the greatest of all, in a scholastic's eyes—of being reduced to absolute and utter self-contradiction. And some even went so far as to sus-

pect him of having answered badly on purpose, by a refinement of humility; for Frère Gonthier was known by what was supposed to be his quiet virtue, and nothing in that way would have astonished them from him.

The next morning, after an hour's meditation, during which he saw nothing but the face of the girl in the lane, he stood outside the Père Spirituel's door. He felt that he wanted help and guidance, for something was surely going wrong. Never before, not even in the first times of his novitiate, had he felt as he felt then. It seemed to him as if drops of quicksilver moved about in his arms, in the palms of his hands, even in his fingers' ends; some unknown power urged him forwards, and hastened his walk almost to a run; more than one father, grave and earnest, had gazed upon him with astonishment. Was he going mad? . . . Unfortunately the Père Spirituel was absent for the day, and he was therefore obliged to put off consulting him. A twinge of conscience smote him as he walked to the cemetery after breakfast. Ought he to go? Perhaps he might see her again; and though it was only the remembrance of Hélène—nothing more—that he would seek to revive by looking at her (of course; how could anything else be possible?), that very remembrance might unsettle him. Well, he must at all events do his duty in the cemetery. He would go therefore, but not look at her. But how little Frère Gonthier knew about temptations! how clear it was that the rawest novice was not more raw than he! and what was the use of all his former machine-like regularity?

A step is heard outside the enclosure in the lane. With lightning-like rapidity this reasoning flashes upon him in full scholastic and syllogistic form: "To remember the dead whom I ought to love is not wrong; but to look upon this girl is to remember the dead whom I ought to love; therefore, to look upon this girl is not wrong." And he can find, in the long list of distinctions with which his mind is so abundantly furnished, not a single one to break the

force of the argument. He was mistaken; no one passes that way yet; it was perhaps the branch of a tree cracking in the breeze, or his own excited imagination. But again he hears a step, and this time it brings to his mind the following dilemma: "Either I still care for Hélène, or not: if I care for her, what harm can her image do to me? and if I do not, this girl is no more to me than the picture of a beauty to which I am indifferent." A feeble dilemma, a very feeble one indeed! Can you find no answer to it, Frère Gonthier? Have you studied dialectics for a whole year, and read Aristotle's "*De Sophisticis Elenchis*" through and through, to be so easily nonplussed by so poor a fallacy?—No; not yet. It is only a peasant passing by, who, seeing the brother at work, takes off his hat respectfully; the brother does the same, and continues working. And now the volcanic gravel of the little lane crunches beneath another and a lighter step. No argument comes to his mind this time; an irresistible desire to look—felt to be guilty and yet resistless, because the *will* to resist is wanting—takes possession of his whole soul.

"I will, I must!"

Her upward glance caught his; and this time he saw in it that expression of pleased recognition which alone was wanting before to identify her face with that of his lost one. Both smiled at the same time; it came so naturally to Frère Gonthier, and he could not help it.

"What are you laughing at?" said she, beginning the conversation, after the frank and easy manner of her class.

"I? Oh, because you remind me of some one whom I knew once, years ago."

"Do I? Very much?"

"Yes. Your face, your glance, your voice is the very same. If I had not seen her laid in the grave, I could have sworn that you were she."

"That's curious, at least! And what are you doing there?"

"What you see—watering the flowers. And you, where are you going?"

"Up the mountain, to tend the sheep.

Morning and evening my brother keeps them, and I take his place during the middle of the day. By that means, do you see? they can remain up there much longer."

"And at what o'clock do you come down?"

"Oh, at about four or five in the afternoon."

"Why, I never saw you pass this way before yesterday!"

"Oh, you see, this is a short cut down to the village, but I did not know of it before."

"Do you live in the village?"

"Yes. Good-day."

She disappeared. The quick delicious feeling of intoxication that her presence had brought disappeared with her. Frère Gonthier felt himself, almost without transition, plunged in the depths of such remorse as few know; not unlike, as we may imagine, the feeling of a woman, hitherto honest, after she has fatally compromised herself by a first false step, and the excitement is past and gone. But why such remorse? Was it not absurd? Could any conversation be more innocent than theirs? It was not that. It was the fact of having spoken to a stranger—and that stranger a young girl—without leave and without the plea of necessity. It was against the rules. True, they did not oblige under penalty of sin; but theologians held them to be so holy, so just, so necessary to perfection, that a man obliged to strive towards perfection could hardly violate them deliberately without sinning. And what was this feeling of utter desolation that came over him, this sense of being cast off by the God whom he had forsaken, this experience of absolute darkness, degradation, and misery which possessed his whole being? Were they not the wages of sin? Besides, he began to realize, dimly, reluctantly, and too late, the fact that he loved her. Too late; for he should have realized it the day before, when the sharp pain struck to his heart at the first sight of her; he had deluded himself then, and he continued to delude himself now. He thought indeed that there was danger now, and

said to himself that he had been wrong, imprudent, and might perhaps, if he did not take heed, fall into a snare. But he did not, he would not, see that he was already caught in the snare and would have to make his utmost endeavors to get free *then*; it would be impossible afterwards. As he walked back to the house he began to moralize very piously, not without a feeling that, since he could do so, things were better than they seemed. His "desolation" was a just punishment for having done wrong. When he saw the Père Spirituel next morning, he would not fail to take his advice; the best thing to be done now was to go to the domestic chapel, make a hearty act of contrition before the holy sacrament, and think no more of what he had done. He stepped in and knelt down in a dark corner by the door. The place was full of a deep solemn stillness. A few brothers were praying there, with head bent forward and downcast eyes; their beads passed slowly through their clasped hands. The sacristan had already swept the floor, waxed and carpeted the sanctuary, and trimmed the little lamp that hung before the altar, burning with a deep-red light; all the masses had been said by this time. The painted wooden statue of Saint Aloysius Gonzaga, the patron of Jesuit students, stood in the sunlight near the window, with a crucifix and a lily in one hand, a skull and a ducal coronet in the other. Frère Gonthier thought how brothers had often, playfully and yet not quite in jest, compared him with that youthful marvel of innocence and austerity; and he recollected that St. Aloysius, being a page at the court of Spain, had not looked upon a woman's face for two whole years! . . . Something suddenly braced his knees; he must go out, he would be stifled if he remained; the atmosphere was unendurable. He went, he almost rushed, outside. Catholic divines say that after death, when the ineffable light of God's day dawns upon the soul, it flies headlong to its place in purgatory or hell, thus doing justice to God upon itself. And surely the raging tempest that was in

Frère Gonthier's mind made the quiet tranquillity of the chapel so intolerable to him because of his unfitness to be there; and he likewise judged himself, and fled.

On going out sinister thoughts surged within him, excited and aroused by the slightest associations. In the long corridor through which he passed to prepare for school in his room there were five or six pictures belonging to the French school of the seventeenth century. He saw a naval painting, with indistinctly looming ships, heaving waters in the foreground, and in the background a dirty yellow yet luminous haze, suggestive of sunrise behind the fog; and he thought of the wide world, of roaming far, far; oh God! ever so far—and then suddenly checked himself. Holy Mary! what was he thinking about? Passing on, he looked at another landscape, with spreading trees and classic ruins, and shepherds and shepherdesses scattered about; and one line after another of Virgil's "*Bucolics*" flashed into his mind, especially that line, so strong and to a heathen mind so true: "*Love conquers all; let us too yield to Love*:"—

Omnia vincit Amor; et nos cedamus Amori.

He could not work in his room, and went down into the library; he took a book at random; it was the "*Theological Sum*" of Aquinas, an enormous old volume. He opened it at random, and read the question, "*Whether he that vows to enter into Religion is bound to remain there perpetually*," and the words on the next column, "*Secondly, we say that if he who enters into Religion should go out thereof, especially for any reasonable cause, he begets no scandal, nor does he give an evil example. . . . because he would do what was licit.*"¹ He closed the book with a bang; two or three brothers poring over their notes started at the sound. "*Why think of these things?*" he muttered to himself.

¹ Here, however, it is right to point out that St. Thomas's opinion, as given in the article in question, is that it all depends on the intention at the time when the vow was taken.

"God knows I would rather die than abandon my vocation!" Just then the bell rang, the other pupils crowded in, and the class began. It was again all about "*matter and form*," the determinable and the determining element in all things. Notes were taken by everybody in great quantities, for the subject was most abstruse; by everybody I mean, except young Brother Berthaut, who felt quite out of his depth and unable even to seize the professor's meaning; for, as a witty brother, an ardent opponent of Aristotle's theory, had written under a caricature in which he represented the Staggyrite whipping his pupil the youthful Alexander, "*That is a system that can't get in by the head!*" Brother Berthaut had seen the caricature, and thought it most prudent not to write down absurdities, but copy the notes of Frère Gonthier afterwards. He did so; but as the latter, when he took them, did not understand a word of what he was writing, he was but a doubtful medium of knowledge.

The forenoon was long and dreary, very dreary and very long; somewhat like a sultry morning that portends a storm in the afternoon. Why did it seem so long? Our brother had not reason to desire that time might fly quickly by, for he had taken a resolution (which he believed to be firm) not to see the girl any more. But whilst repeating this resolution to himself over and over again, he felt a vague doubt—so vague that it only amounted to a feeling of uneasiness—mingling with and marring the strength of his belief. Would he be able to keep it? Of course he would; had he not kept more difficult resolutions before that? Had he not gone, as a pilgrim, through the most beautiful valleys of the Pyrenees, looking all the time only on the dusty road, and never even casting a glance at the beauty that surrounded him?

The hour of recreation came; groups of students were walking backwards and forwards, four or five together in the long alleys set aside for the use of the students of philosophy; the theological students were on the upper terraces, where the "philosophers" were

not allowed to go. Frère Gonthier, absent-minded at first, roused himself suddenly; the conversation had taken a turn that interested him. All who die in the Society of Jesus, it is piously believed, are saved; so it was revealed to St. Teresa, a great saint. But what of the converse proposition? Are all those who leave the Society . . . everlastingly lost? A hard question to answer. For God's mercy is infinite, but so is his justice; and if they are to be saved, *why do they leave?* There were thirty doors to leave the Society, one brother said, and but one that was safe—so the master of novices had told him. Another pointed out the dangers of the world; if a man cannot remain in the Society with so much grace, how can he be saved in the world when that superabundance is taken away from him? A third said:—

"Well, only God knows what becomes of them at last; but some certainly lead a Christian life. I remember, when I was out for the pilgrimage with my companion, we found the curé absent when we got to the village that we were directed to reach that day. We were much embarrassed, for we had no introduction anywhere else, and had no idea where to go, when a little boy came running from a small ivy-grown cottage opposite, saying that his father begged us to step in and rest ourselves. We complied very gladly; it was dinner-time, and we were soon seated at table. There were several pictures and small statuettes in the room, but all of them represented Christ, the Blessed Mother, or a saint. That struck us; we were still more surprised when we saw with what reverence the whole family, comprising (besides the father and mother) three boys and two girls, made the sign of the cross at grace; but fancy our astonishment when both our host and his wife began to talk with us on matters of spirituality in a way that showed them to be well acquainted with Rodriguez, St. Francis Salesius, and St. Ignatius's Exercises; and when we saw that even the children listened attentively, with much interest! The host, seeing us look surprised, said he had

been several years among the Jesuits, but had left them before taking sacred orders. 'I have brought up my family,' said he, 'to live like disciples of St. Ignatius. We have meditations, private examinations, Litanies in the evening, exercises of charity—in short, I have tried to make of my family a little Jesuit novitiate; that is, a heaven below.' And in fact, on watching the children, we saw that they kept guard over their senses as well as the best novice could have done; and they looked very happy and radiant for all that, just as I could fancy the child Jesus looked in Nazareth. 'I,' said he, 'am their spiritual guide; and my wife helps me, especially as regards the girls.' Now tell me, brothers, does that man seem to be on his way to hell?"

"I think decidedly not," said Frère Gonthier. The brothers looked at him; these were the first words he had spoken since the recreation had begun, and he spoke with unusual emphasis. "I think that if the Society has decided that it is lawful to loosen the tie which has bound us to it, we ought not to judge those whose fate it has been to leave us. And let us not say that we only make a general assertion that most of them are lost; for we cannot help applying it to particular cases. Here is a case. A poor Jesuit student left our order, for good reasons known to his superior and himself. He possessed literary talent of very high quality. When he returned to Italy, his native land, he went to the fathers there, thinking that they would help him to make use of his talent out of the Society, in the same way as he would have done, had he remained—for God's glory. As he was no longer one of us, nobody would have anything to do with him, and he was on the verge of starvation when a free-thinking Roman periodical offered to take up an article of his. Little by little he became indifferent to religion; he is now more than indifferent, and ranks with the bitterest and most hostile of Italian and anti-Catholic journalists. Let us suppose that he is lost. Did not the coldness of those who might have helped

him do something that way? and did not the general assertion that *most of them are lost* produce that coldness?"

This opened out a field for discussion. Whether it was not advisable to hold aloof from the best of the ex-members, for one's own individual benefit; whether it was allowable to act on a general proposition, even when such action will unavoidably cause mistakes in the case of exceptions, but fewer mistakes than if such action were not taken; whether moral certainty was or was not a sufficient motive, when absolute certitude was unattainable; and what was the real nature of certitude,—such were the problems that rose, one after another, in the debate that followed, and in which Frère Gonthier took no part: he was thinking of something else, and thought of something else long after the close of the recreation and all through the afternoon class.

Four o'clock. Shall he go and water the flowers? or shall he not go? He generally watered them later, when evening had set in; that is a far better time than when the sun is still hot. But an awful longing had taken hold of him; it was a craving, a yearning, an imperious want. Yes, they must be watered immediately—he was resolved upon that; and great was the joy he felt upon thus resolving. Several times, whilst thus engaged in his duty, he said to himself—faintly, very faintly!—that it would not do to see her again; but still he came by degrees nearer and nearer to the place from which it was possible to see her, and as he came nearer his heart beat more quickly. When he heard her light step—need I say it?—his resolution was quite forgotten in the overwhelming joy of her presence; his countenance was lighted up with a beaming smile, as she stopped by the fence, looked up at him, and said, "Ah! there you are! I always see you now."

This time they talked together for a long while. She was curious about his way of spending his time "between four walls, with a lot of musty books," and could not understand how a stal-

wart young man like him could bear to live so; while he was no less inquisitive to know all about her occupations during the day, and whether she had any companions of her own sex—or of the other. And we can easily guess why her answer, that she neither knew nor cared to know any young man of the village, was so pleasing to him.

The gate of the cemetery opened; Frère Gonthier turned suddenly round to his watering-can, and the peasant girl passed on down the lane. It was only a lay brother coming in to pray at the grave of a student who, some years before, had expired "in odor of sanctity;" he had seen nothing. Frère Gonthier went out, and threw himself upon a wooden bench before the large cistern, whose surface was ruffled by the breeze into semicircular waves. He began to think. He again felt some of the remorse that had come over him in the morning—much less, however. What should he say that evening to the Père Spirituel, who would certainly be back? He must speak to him and tell him all. But . . . how could he say it? How could he?—never mind how; it must be done. The duty of every Jesuit is to be a spy, not upon others, but upon himself; he is bound in honor to let the superiors know, not only his faults and frailties, but his temptations and his desires. Want of openness is the worst defect in a character, and the most insurmountable obstacle to a man's stay in the Society. Frère Gonthier knew it well.

Father Bernard, the Père Spirituel, was sitting quietly in his room, very fragrant (if that be the word) with the odor of strong snuff, having a big book of St. Bonaventura on his desk, and trying to find in the "*Meditationes de Vita Christi*" some interesting hints that he might work into his next conference for the students, when a sharp tap at his door announced to him that his ministry was wanted. "*Entrez,*" said he, and looked up over his spectacles. Frère Gonthier staggered in, pale, gasping, haggard.

"Sit down, dear brother," said Father Bernard, astonished at this sudden

change in one so quietly precise, so primly methodical as he was—one with whom he never had the slightest difficulty.

"Father," said Frère Gonthier, in a husky voice, "I am lost—lost! Better to tell you all at once."

"Lost! Why, what have you done, dear brother?" asked the old father, terrified.

"I have"—these words were said mechanically, as though forced one by one out of the speaker's throat—"I have spoken to a girl over the fence in the park; and I have done so with pleasure."

Now Father Bernard, notwithstanding a character that was very simple and confiding, was unusually given to attacks of fear and mistrust, on account of a strange instance of the frailty, or rather of the falsity, of human nature which he had experienced in his younger days. He was then one of the directeurs in a grand séminaire where young ecclesiastics study and prepare for the priesthood. One of those whose confessions he heard, a very quiet and seemingly good young séminariste, was about to receive communion from his hands at mass one morning. He suddenly sprang from his knees, and shouted out in the middle of the chapel, with flushed face and wildly glaring eyes, "Oh! I am tired of this; I have tricked you long enough;" and with a powerful blow of his fist knocked the silver pyx, with its contents, out of Father Bernard's trembling hands; he then strode down the nave, tossing up his arms, with the white wings of his muslin surplice fluttering behind him. The father, looking down, saw all the hosts lying scattered on the ground, and became insensible. He had never, since that day, been able to say mass without a chair to hold by, in case a feeling of dizziness should come over him at the thought of that sacrilege; and this recollection always made him extremely frightened and fearful of the worst whenever he saw a brother much agitated by any temptation.

"Dear brother, dear brother," said he, looking sideways at him, "what is this?"

You have spoken to a girl—and with pleasure? O take care, dear brother! your vocation is in peril! Tell me, did you look at her?"

"I did."

"With pleasure again?"

"With pleasure."

"O, it is worse and worse! Dear brother—you who have always been so edifying until now, you who never gave way to temptation"—Father Bernard quite forgot he had never had any—"how could you do such a thing?"

"I don't know; I was urged to it."

"The fiend urged you, dear brother! I tell you again; your vocation—that is, your everlasting happiness—is in the greatest danger. On no account speak with her, on no account look at her again—on no account! And I advise you—but I do not order you, mind—to take the discipline this night, during the time you would say the Psalm *Miserere*. O, I fear much for you, dear brother; I fear for your salvation!"

Unhappily this sentence, "I fear for your salvation," had passed into a standing joke amongst the students, who used to say that they were often warned thus, even for a breach of silence or a quarrelsome debate. These words had rather the effect of irritating than of terrifying; they were felt to be true, and could yet be set down to exaggeration on account of Father Bernard's character. Frère Gonthier retired, took the discipline at the appointed time, astonishing his companions and the inhabitants of the neighboring rooms by its length, and jumped into bed; but he did not sleep for a long time. He began to pile sophisms on sophisms, against the Père Spirituel's warning. Why was he in danger? what harm had he done? had he said anything that was wrong? Every scholastic in the house must come in for one of these warnings sooner or later, and it was his turn now. Why should he be uneasy, then, any more than the others were?

The next morning at five o'clock he entered the room of the Reverend Father Rector, who was kneeling at his *prie-dieu*, in meditation. "Father," said he, "I am much perplexed. The Père

Spirituel thinks that my vocation is in danger."

"In danger, brother? That is serious. And why?"

The rector knew all about Father Bernard's very pessimistic views, and was convinced that he had dealt too harshly by Frère Gonthier.

"Because I spoke yesterday to a girl over the fence in the cemetery."

"Indeed? Well, that is not usual; I may say it is irregular in itself; still I don't see much in that. Did she speak first to you?"

"Yes, she did."

"Ah, well, I see; you must not give way to mere scruples, brother. You know that, if she says a few words to you, you answer according to the rule, '*obite et perpaucis*,' it is but Christian courtesy. And to remove all your doubts on the matter, I give you my authorization."

"And if the conversation—"

"Oh! mind, I don't allow a conversation, by any means. That might perhaps be dangerous; at all events I don't allow it. You will easily know yourself when the few words allowed by the rules have been said. And try to say something pious, something to bring God to her mind, or the aim of St. Ignatius—God's greater glory—would not be attained, even by those few words he allows."

When the eight o'clock bell rang for class, Brother Gonthier hurried out of the cemetery. The "few words" had lasted more than half an hour. None had been such as the rector had asked for; and though none were in themselves wrong, they had been, both on his and on her side, "underlined" and emphasized by looks that meant much. He no longer knew what to do. As for remorse, he felt none at all; but a natural spirit of candor and openness obliged him to report his conduct to somebody. But to whom? Not to Father Bernard, whom he would certainly frighten out of his wits. Not to the rector, whose tenaciously good opinion of him he could not find it in his heart to destroy; it is too bitter a task to undeceive a man, when you see that

he clings with all his might to his good opinion of you! In the midst of a long, dry argument upon the essential definition of life, he suddenly remembered that his former master of novices was now living in the house as a *Père de Résidence*, and had the right to hear the students' confessions. It was a pressing case, as he felt; so the class was hardly over when he entered his room. Father Sabaudier listened to his tale, and after a few quiet questions succeeded in getting at the root of the matter, the cause of the evil—the girl's wonderful resemblance in face, shape, and voice with his lost *Hélène*. He then raised his eyes, mildly compassionate, to his visitor's face, and said:—

"My dear brother, I feel for you as I have seldom felt for any one. I was always astonished that, having come amongst us as you came, with so weak a motive and so little real ardor, you did all things with such perfection. Now I see that God in his wisdom, sheltered you then, but allows the temptation to come now. Will you resist it?"

"Really, father, I cannot tell," said Frère Gonthier gloomily. This first attack had failed, it was but too plainly visible: Father Sabaudier had to change his tactics and appeal to less elevated motives.

"You are too modest, brother. Take courage; I am confident that you will resist in this important crisis. The *Père Spirituel* was not wrong; your salvation may depend on this moment. But I know you; and I hope and trust that with the grace of God you will weather the storm."

The brother smiled sadly. "I only wish that you may not be mistaken in me. After what has taken place, I feel no hope whatever, and should be surprised at nothing."

Still no success! A third trial must be made.

"But, brother, I do not understand what your feelings for your lost bride may be. Why, you seem to fear that another can get possession of your heart! Another! And you were so faithful; have you forgotten her?"

"Father!"

"Would you be false to her memory? At her death you entered religion; was it—could it have been—only until your eyes might be struck with, and your fancy smitten by, some one else whom you liked better? That would be shameful, degrading!"

"Father! never, never will I see that girl again! I shall ask another brother to do the watering for me: as for me, I shall not even enter the cemetery."

"This time we succeed!" said Father Sabaudier to himself; but he added doubtfully, "Mere human motives; nothing supernatural; a mere bruised reed to trust to. Yet Christ would not break even the bruised reed." And then he said aloud, "No, brother, do not take that resolution. Say, 'I will not see her for a week from now;' take this resolution every day afresh; come to me in a week's time, and we shall see the state of your mind then."

At the appointed time Frère Gonthier returned. A great change had taken place in him. Having prayed much and fasted severely, scourged himself and worn iron chains with spikes pointing inwards to the flesh, in order to keep himself faithful, not to his vocation, but to the memory of his *Hélène*, he had become very lean; and a strange fire, not unlike the look of a madman with its ominous glare, burned in his eyes. When Father Sabaudier looked at him, he at once saw that all was lost, and that the brother's mind was quite made up.

"Father," said he, "I come to you because I promised; but from your room I go straight to that of the father rector."

There was a short pause. Father Sabaudier was silently praying.

"He will have to give me other clothes, for which I shall repay him as soon as I have the money. The little competence which I intended for the poor if I was to stay here still belongs to me; I shall have enough to live upon, with her who will be my—my wife." However resolute Frère Gonthier was, he could not help shrinking from uttering this word; but he controlled himself,

for he was determined to do as he said. "The father rector, when he gets my letters of dismissal from Rome, will kindly send them to me, in town, *poste restante*. I honor, esteem, and love the Jesuits; but I cannot stay with them."

"And so," said Father Sabaudier, making a last effort with a smile on his face, "that is all your love for the dead *Hélène*? But I expected this all along. Well, go your way, and may God forgive you! You have had your temptation, and have yielded to it. The Fiend will laugh at you some day for this!"

"Yes, father, I go; but one more word yet. What is that memory of *Hélène*? Do I know where she is or where I shall be in the next world? You say she is dead: I answer, She lives! Yes, she lives in her likeness, even though that likeness should bear the garb of a peasant girl. Had I seen that girl before I entered the novitiate, I would never have crossed its threshold. My vows are null; for I took them in ignorance of the possibility that so perfect a similitude could exist."

"All this is mere sophistry, and you know it," retorted the father, in stern sorrow. "The truth is, that wanting to give way to your passions, you can easily find a reason to do so."

"A reason?" exclaimed Frère Gonthier, now excited to an alarming pitch: "do I need reasons? This night, this very night, I saw her in my dreams. I spoke to her but she answered me nothing and began to weep. I know, I know she loved me; her looks told me as much; and it is my absence—caused by you!—that has grieved her so. Oh! the sound of that weeping will not leave my ears! I hear it now. I hear it constantly; but I must and will stop it if I can, and I hasten to her at once." With these words he rushed out of the room.

"And Christ goeth to be crucified again," said the father, falling on his knees at his *prie-dieu* before the image of Jesus, pointing sorrowfully to His heart, wounded, bleeding crowned

with thorns and surrounded with flames.

The scene with the father rector was long and stormy. The latter was of course thunderstruck, and attributed this failure to want of tact on the part of Father Sabaudier, though he could not see where his tact had been deficient. It was a terrible scandal. Frère Gonthier insisted upon having clothes given him there and then, or on leaving the house dressed as he was; and as soon as he had changed his clothes (which he did after two hours' prayers, entreaties, and spiritual menaces had been spent upon him in vain, and it was evident that no human power could divert him from his purpose) he went out, passing by several brothers who were waiting outside to ask for different permissions. He was perfectly recognized by them, to their astonishment and horror. The whole community was soon in a state of consternation. All were convened in the lecture-room, and asked to pray for his soul—"for," the rector observed, "the temptation was very violent, and almost irresistible." He concluded by saying that he had given orders for the masons to build a stone wall along the lane that skirted the cemetery; until it was built, no student was allowed to enter the cemetery for any reason whatever. The Père Spirituel confirmed himself in the thought of the perversity of human nature; and many a brother took that evening, as his spiritual reading, the 14th chapter of the third book of the "Initiation"—

If in Thine angels Thou didst find depravity, and didst not spare them, how will it be with me?

Stars have fallen from heaven; and I, dust that I am! why should I presume?

Men whose works seemed laudable have fallen into the lowest depths; men who ate the Bread of angels, I have seen them delighting in the husks of swine!

The next morning, after a meditation on the three vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, all the brothers went to hear mass and receive communion for the poor erring one; but the priests were not allowed to say mass for him, on

account of his being excommunicated for leaving the Society without permission. Many wept over him, over their vanished ideal. It was a day of fervor: all were afraid lest they should lose their vocation too.

Six months afterwards, Father Sabaudier received a letter in the well-known hand of Frère Gonthier,—the first news of him since he had left. It contained only the following words:—

"I am dying; the physician has told me so quite plainly. If you think that there is any hope of salvation for me, come to the hospital of Le Puy and give me the last sacraments. I have but a very few days to spend on earth.—Gonthier."

Was that spectre, with glassy eyes and hollow voice and hectic flush, lying at full length upon the bed, too thin and too weak even to sit up—was that our dear brother? Alas! and his soul also was no doubt as changed as his body! It was most woful. Father Sabaudier, as he met his despairing look, could not help bursting into tears. When he was able to speak, he said: "O my brother—for I will call you so to the end,—my poor brother, how grieved I am for your sake! To have bartered your holy vocation—that crown of glory and happiness everlasting,—to have bartered it away for so very little! A lifetime of earthly joy would be nothing; but what a poor mess of pottage you have received in exchange for your place in the Society of Jesus! Six months—only six months of pleasure; and now you are about to stand before God!"

"Six months?" bitterly exclaimed the poor sufferer, with feverish excitement; "no, father, not one minute! Since I left the Society, *I have never seen her once*; no, nor found anywhere the slightest trace of her! I have lavished my money, wasted my time: all in vain. I have visited and revisited all the houses round about, until they thought me mad. I have employed the most skilful detectives, and told them to spare no expense. No one in the village

ever saw any girl that in the least resembles her; and yet Monsieur Touzet assured me that with the clues I had given him it was impossible not to find her, if she was anywhere. I have hardly enough to pay my last expenses; I have sold my birthright for nothing; and I am dying—O God, I am dying!"

There was a pause. Father Sabaudier said at last:—

"Brother, this is a strange thing. I told you that it was a temptation of the devil; but what if it were so in a preternatural manner? Do you remember what we read in the 'Lives of the Desert Fathers'? how a monk, holy and austere, lived in a cell far from the others; he heard one evening a woman cry to him to let her in, for she had lost her way. He let her in, though it was against the rule, and talked with her. Now, she was beautiful. Evil thoughts arose in his heart, and he yielded to temptation. But, just when he came near to her to press her lips with an unhallowed kiss, she suddenly uttered a loud cry and vanished in his arms like a shadow. And there was heard a sound as of the laughter of many demons, who exulted over his awful fall into sin. You understand me?"

Frère Gonthier did understand, and shuddered; then he begged to be reconciled with God by confession, as the time was short. The next day the rector came, glad and yet sorrowful, bringing the holy viaticum. After thanksgiving, Frère Gonthier said, "Father, I would like to ask a favor of you. Just by the last grave, in our beautiful cemetery, there is a spot of ground where I once hoped to lie—"

"Brother, you know that is impossible now."

"Yes, I know; I am not worthy. But that is not what I would ask for. When I first saw the being—whether girl or phantom—that has thus broken my heart and cut short my life, my hand closed on a lily that grew there, and the lily was broken. I then buried it where it had grown, in that vacant spot that I hoped to possess one day. Father, will you, in memory of me,

leave that place empty? will you see that no one shall lie there? that it be only the grave of the broken lily?"

What the rector answered is not known, if indeed he was not too much moved to answer at all; but to this very day there is a vacant space among the graves that bloom white and radiant, when May comes round. It is covered only with grass; and though all weeds are carefully rooted out, it is not planted with flowers, like the other graves, but barren. And to those brothers who come sometimes to meditate in the perfumed cemetery, the high stone wall on one side and the flowerless void in the midst teach a lesson and tell a tale.

M. H. DZIEWICKI.

From Temple Bar.
BICÊTRE.

"Where there are monks," exclaimed brusquely the authors of "*Les Prisons de Paris*," "there are prisoners." The folds of the priestly garb conceal a place of torment which monastic justice, with a grisly humor, names a *Vade in Pace*; the last bead of the rosary grazes the first rings of a chain which bears the bloody impress of the sworn tormentor. At Bicêtre, as at the Luxembourg, ages ago, big-bellied cenobites sang and tiptoed in the cosy cells piled above the dungeons of the church.

Bicêtre—more anciently Bissestre—is a corrupt form of Vincestre, or Winchester, after John, Bishop of Winchester, who is thought to have built the original château, and who certainly held it in the first years of the thirteenth century. It was famous amongst the pleasure-houses of the Duc de Berri, who embellished it with windows of glass, which at that epoch were only beginning to be an ornament of architecture—"objects of luxury," says Villaret, "reserved exclusively for the mansions of the wealthiest seigneurs." In one of the rather frequent "popular demonstrations" in the Paris of the early fifteenth

century, these "objects of luxury" were smashed, and little of the château remained except the bare walls. It was rebuilt by the Duc de Berri, a noted amateur of books, and was by him presented to an order of monks in 1416.

A colony of Carthusians under St. Louis; John of Winchester under Philippe-Auguste; Amédée le Rouge, Count of Savoy, under Charles VI.; the Bourguignons and the Armagnacs in the fifteenth century; the canons of Notre-Dame de Paris under Louis XI.; the robbers and "bohémien" in the sixteenth century; the Invalides under Cardinal Richelieu, and the foundlings of St. Vincent de Paul—all these preceded at Bicêtre the vagabonds, the *bons-pauvres*, the epileptics and other diseased, the lunatics and "all prisoners and captives." In becoming an asylum and hospital, in a word, Bicêtre became also one of the most horrible of the countless prisons of Paris; it grew into dreadful fame as "the Bastille of the canaille and the bourgeoisie."

The enormous numbers of the poor, the hordes of sturdy mendicants who "demanded alms sword in hand," and the soldiers who took to the road when they could get no pay, became one of the chief scourges of Paris. Early in the seventeenth century it was sought to confine them in the various hospitals or houses of detention in the Faubourg Saint-Victor, but under the disorders and weaknesses of the government these establishments soon collapsed. Parliament issued decree after decree; all strollers and beggars were to be locked up in a prison or asylum specially appropriated to them; the buildings were commenced and large sums of money were spent on them, but they were never carried to completion. In course of time the magistrate took the matter in hand, dived into old records, but drew no counsel thence, for the evil, albeit not new, was of extraordinary proportions; went to the king for a special edict, and procured one "which ordered the setting-up of a general hospital and prescribed the rules for its governance."

The château of Bicêtre and the Maison de la Salpêtrière were ceded for the purpose.

Children and women went to the Salpêtrière; at Bicêtre were placed men with no visible means of subsistence, "widowers," beggars, feeble or sturdy, and "young men worn out by debauchery." Before taking these last in hand, the doctors "were accustomed to order them a whipping."

This destiny of Bicêtre is pretty clear, and as hospital and asylum combined it should, under decent conduct, have played a useful part in the social economy of Paris. But the absolutism of that age had its own notions as to the proper functions of "hospitals," and the too-familiar *ordres du roi*, and the not less familiar *lettres de cachet* (which Mirabeau had not yet come forward to denounce), were presently in hot competition with the charitable *ordonnances* of the doctors. Madness was a capital new excuse for vengeance in high places, and the cells set apart for cases of mental disease were quickly tenanted by "luckless prisoners whose wrong most usually consisted in being strictly right." Bicêtre, it must be admitted, did the thing conscientiously, and with the best grace in the world. Rational individuals were despatched there whom, according to the authors of "Les Prisons de Paris," Bicêtre promptly transformed into imbeciles and raging maniacs.

Indeed the "philanthropists" and the criminologists of the early part of this century need not have taxed their imaginations for any scheme of cellular imprisonment. The system existed in diabolical perfection at Bicêtre. That much-abused "depôt" of indigent males, "widowers," and young rakes had an assortment of dark cells which realized à merveille the conditions of the vaunted programme of the penitentiary—isolation and the silence of the tomb. Buried in a *cabanon* or black hole of Bicêtre, the prisoner endured a fate of life in death; he was as one dead who lived long, "tête-à-tête with God and his conscience." If a human sound pene-

trated to him, it was the sobbing moan of some companion in woe.

There was a subterranean Bicêtre, of which at this day only the dark memory survives. For a dim idea of this, one has to stoop and peer in fancy into a far-reaching abyss or pit, partitioned into little tunnels; in each little tunnel a chain riven to the wall; at the end of the chain a man. Now there were men in these hellish tunnels who had been guilty of crimes, but far oftener they stifled slowly the lives or the intelligences, or both, of men who had done no crimes at all. Innocent or guilty, Bicêtre in the long run had one way with all its guests; and when the prisoners and their wits had definitely parted company the governor of the prison effected a transfer with his colleague the administrator of the asylum. It was expeditious and simple, and no one asked questions or called for a report.

It is on record, nevertheless, that existence in underground Bicêtre was a degree less insupportable than a sojourn in the *cabanons*. Hear the strenuous *greet* of Latude, with its wonted vividness of detail:—

When the wet weather began, or when it thawed in the winter, water streamed from all parts of my cell. I was crippled with rheumatism, and the pains I had from it were such that I was sometimes whole weeks without getting up. . . . In cold weather it was even worse. The "window" of the cell, protected by an iron grating, gave on the corridor, the wall of which was pierced exactly opposite at the height of ten feet. Through this aperture (garnished, like my own window, with iron bars) I received a little air and a glimmer of light, but the same aperture let in both snow and rain. I had neither fire nor artificial light, and the rags of the prison were my only clothing. I had to break with my wooden shoe the ice in my pail, and then to suck morsels of ice to quench my thirst. I stopped up the window, but the stench from the sewers and the tunnels came nigh to choke me; I was stung in the eyes, and had a loathsome savor in the mouth, and was horribly oppressed in the lungs. The eight-and-thirty months they kept me in that

noisome cell, I endured the miseries of hunger, cold, and damp. . . . The scurvy that had attacked me showed itself in a lassitude which spread through all my members; I was presently unable either to sit or to rise. In ten days my legs and thighs were twice their proper size; my body was black; my teeth, loosened in their sockets, were no longer able to masticate. Three full days I fasted; they saw me dying, and cared not a jot. Neighbors in the prison did this and that to have me speak to them; I could not utter a word. At length they thought me dead, and called out that I should be removed. I was in sooth at death's gate when the surgeon looked in on me and had me fetched to the infirmary.—*Mémoires.*

Whether Masers de Latude existed, or was but a creature projected on paper by some able enemy of La Pompadour, those famous and titillating *mémoires* are excellent documents—all but unique of their kind—of the prisons of bygone France. If the question is of the Bastille, of the dungeon of Vincennes, of Charenton, or of Bicêtre, these pungent pages, with a luxuriance and color of realistic detail not so well nor so plausibly sustained by any other pen, are always pat and complete to the purpose. To compare great things with small, it is as unimportant to inquire who wrote Shakespeare as to seek to know who was the author of the "*Mémoires*" of Latude. It is necessary only to feel certain that the writer of this extraordinary volume was as intimately acquainted with the prisons he describes as Mirabeau was with the Dungeon of Vincennes, or Cardinal de Retz with the Château de Nantes. His book (an epitome of what men might and could and did endure under the absolute monarchy, when his rights as an individual were the least secure of a citizen's possessions) is the main thing, and the sole thing; the name and identity of the author are not now, if they ever were, of the most infinitesimal consequence.

A fine sample of the work of Bicêtre, considered as a machine for the manufacture of lunatics, is offered in the per-

son of that interesting, unhappy genius Salomon de Caus. A Protestant Frenchman, he lived much in England and Germany, and at the age of twenty he was already a skilled architect, a painter of distinction, and an engineer with ideas in advance of his time. He was in the service of the Prince of Wales in 1612, and of the Elector Palatine, at Heidelberg, 1614-20. In 1623 he returned to live and work in France, dans sa patrie et pour sa patrie. He became engineer and architect to the king.

Eight years before his return to France, De Caus had published at Frankfort his "*Raison des Forces Mouvantes*," a treatise in which he described "an apparatus for forcing up water by a steam fountain," which differs only in one particular from that of Della Porta. The apparatus seems never to have been constructed, but Arago, relying on the description, has named De Caus the inventor of the steam-engine.

It is not, however, with the inventive genius that we are concerned, but with the ill-starred lover of Marion Delorme. The minister Particelli took De Caus one day to the "petit lever" of the brilliant and beautiful Aspasie of the Place Royale. Particelli, one of the most prodigal of her adorers, wanted De Caus to surpass, in the palace of Mademoiselle Delorme, the splendors he had achieved in the palace of the Prince of Wales. "At my charge, look you, Monsieur Salomon, and spare nothing! Scatter with both hands gold, silver, colors, marble, bronze, and precious stuffs—what you please. Imagine, seek, invent, and count on me!"

But Monsieur Salomon had no sooner seen the goddess of Particelli than he too was lifted from the earth and borne straight into the empyrean. At the moment of leaving her, when she suffered him to kiss her hand, and let him feel the darts of desire which shot from those not too prudish eyes, Salomon de Caus devint amoureux à en perdre la tête. Thenceforth, in brief,

His chief good and market of his time

was to obey and anticipate every wild and frivolous fantasy of Marion Delorme. Michel Particelli's hyperbolical commission should be fulfilled for him beyond his own imaginings! He threw down the palace of Marion and built another in its place. The new palace was to cede in nothing to the Louvre or Saint-Germain. With his own hands Salomon de Caus decorated it; and then, at the bidding of his protector, Particelli, he consented, *bon gré mal gré*, to paint the picture of the divinity herself.

"Alone one morning with his delicious model," the distracted artist flung brushes and palette from him, and cast himself at her feet. "*Mon cœur se déchire, ma tête se perd. . . . Je deviens fou, je vous aime, et je me meurs!*" It was a declaration of much in little, and Marion, a *connaissseuse* of such speeches, absolved and accepted him with a kiss.

Installed by right of conquest in that Circean boudoir, which drew as a magnet the wit and gallantry of Paris, Salomon stood sentinel at the door "like a eunuch or a Cerberus." Brissac and Saint-Evremont received the most Lenten entertainment, and the proposals of Cinq-Mars were rejected. Marion was even persuaded to be not at home to Richelieu himself. But the happy Salomon grew unhappy, and more unhappy. Every moment he came with a sigh upon some souvenir, delicately equivocal, of the *vie galante* of his mistress; and when love began to feed upon the venom of jealousy, his complacent goddess grew capricious, vexed, irritated, and at length incensed. After that, she resolved coldly on Salomon's betrayal. It was the fashion of the age to be cruel in one's vengeance. Marion penned a note to Richelieu:—

I want so much to see you again. I send with this the little key which opens the little door. . . . You must forgive everything, and you are not to be angry at finding here a most learned young man whom the love of science and the science of love have combined to reduce to a condition of midsummer madness. Does your friend-

ship for me, to say nothing of your respect for yourself, suggest any means of ridding me instantly of this embarrassing lunatic? The poor devil loves me to distraction. He is astonishingly clever, and has discovered wonders—mountains that nobody else has seen, and worlds that nobody else has imagined. He has all the talents of the Bible, and another, the talent of making me the most miserable of women. This genius from the moon, whom I commend to your Eminence's most particular attention, is called Salomon de Caus.

A missive of that color, from a Marion Delorme to a Richelieu, was the request polite for a *lettre de cachet*. Salomon de Caus was invited to call upon the cardinal. Behind his jealous passion for his mistress, Salomon still cherished his passion of science, and he went hot-foot to Richelieu with his hundred schemes for changing the face of the world, with steam as the motive power. It must have been a curious interview. At the end, Richelieu summoned the captain of his guard.

"Take this man away."

"Where, your Eminence?"

"To what place are we sending our lunatics just now?"

"To Bicêtre, your Eminence."

"Just so! Ask admission for Monsieur at Bicêtre."

So, from the meridian of his glory, Salomon de Caus hastened to his setting, and at this point he vanishes from history. Legend, not altogether legendary, shows him once again.

Some eighteen months or two years after he had been carried, "gagged and handcuffed," to Bicêtre, it fell to Marion Delorme (in the absence of her new lover Cinq-Mars) to do the honors of Paris for the Marquis of Worcester. The marquis took a fancy to visit Bicêtre, which had even then an unrighteous celebrity from one end of Europe to the other. As they strolled through the "quartier des fous" a creature made a spring at the bars of his cell.

"Marion—look, Marion! It is I! It is Salomon! I love you! Listen: I have made a discovery which will bring millions and millions to France! Let me

out for God's sake! I will give you the moon and all the stars to set me free, Marion!"

"Do you know this man?" said Lord Worcester.

"I am not at home in bedlam," said Marion, who on principle allowed no corner to her conscience.

"What is the discovery he talks of?" asked Lord Worcester of a warder.

"He calls it steam, milord. They've all discovered something, milord."

Lord Worcester went back to Bicêtre the next morning, and was closeted for an hour with the madman. At Marion Delorme's in the afternoon he said:—

"In England we should not have put that man into a mad-house. Your Bicêtre is not the most useful place. Who invented those cells? They have wasted to madness as fine a genius as the age has known."

Salomon de Caus died in Bicêtre in 1626.

Earlier than this, Bicêtre the asylum shared the evil renown of Bicêtre the prison. To prisoners and patients alike popular rumor assigned an equal fate. The first, it was said, were assassinated, the second were "disposed of." Now and again the warders and attendants amused themselves by organizing a pitched battle between the "mad side," and the "prison side;" the wounded were easily transferred to the infirmary, the dead were as easily packed into the trench beneath the walls.

The very name of Bicêtre—dungeon, mad-house, and *cloaca* of obscene infamies—became of dreadful import; not the Conclergerie, the Châtelet, Fort-l'Evêque, Vincennes, nor the Bastille itself inspired the common people and the bourgeoisie with such detestation and panic-fear. The general imagination, out-vieing rumor, peopled it with imps, evil geni, sorcerers, and shapeless monsters compounded of men and beasts. Mediæval Paris, at a loss for the origins of things, ascribed them to the Fairies, the Devil, or Julius Cæsar. It was said that the devil alighted in Paris one night, and brought in chains to the "plateau de Bicêtre" a pauper, a

madman, and a prisoner, with which three unfortunates he set agoing the prison on the one side and the asylum on the other, to minister to the *menus plaisirs* of the denizens of hell. Such grim renown as this was not easily surpassed; but at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign the common legend went a step further, and said that the devil had now disowned Bicêtre! Rhymes sincere or satirical gave utterance to the terror and abhorrence of the vulgar mind.

Throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, up to the time of the Revolution, say MM. Alhoy and Lurine (*Les Prisons de Paris*), Bicêtre continued a treatment which in all respects is not easily paralleled; the helot's lot and labor for pauperism; the rod and worse for sickness of body and of mind; the dagger or the ditch, upon occasion, for mere human misfortune. Till the first grey glimmer of the dawn of prison reform, in the days of Louis XVI., Bicêtre offered to "mere prisoners" the "sanctuary of a lion's den," and lent boldly to king, minister, nobles, clergy, police, and all the powers that were, the cells set apart for the mad as convenient places for stifling the wits and consciences of the sane.

In 1789 Paris had thirty-two state prisons. Four years later the Terror itself was content with twenty-eight. One of the earliest acts of that vexed body, the National Assembly, was to appoint a commission of four of its members to the decent duty of visiting the prisons. The commissioners chosen were Fréteau, Barrière, De Castellane, and Mirabeau. Count Mirabeau at least—whose hot vagaries and the undying spite of his father had passed him through the hands of nearly every gaoler in France—had qualifications enough for the task!

The commissioners found within the black walls of "ce hideux Bicêtre" a population of close upon three thousand creatures, including "paupers, children, paralytics, imbeciles, and lunatics." The administrative staff of all degrees numbered just three hundred. The

governor, knowing his inferno, was not too willing to accord a free pass to the explorers, and Mirabeau and his colleagues had to give him a taste of their authority before he could be induced to slip the bolts of subterranean cells whose inmates "had been expiating twenty years the double crime of poverty and courage," or against whom no decree had been pronounced but that of a *lettre de cachet*, or who had been involved, like the Prévôt de Beaumont, in the crime of exposing some plot against the people's welfare. Children were found in these cells chained to criminals and idiots.

In April, 1792, Bicêtre gave admission to another set of commissioners. This second was a visit of some mystery, not greatly noised, and under cover of the night. It was not now a question of diving into moist and sunless caverns for living proofs (in fetters and stinking rags) of the hidden abuses of regal justice. The new commissioners came, quietly and almost by stealth, to make the first official trial of the Guillotine.

The invention of Dr. Guillotin (touching which he had first addressed the Constituent Assembly in December, 1789: "With this machine of mine, gentlemen, I shall shave off your heads in a twinkling, and you will not feel the slightest pain") does not date in France as an instrument of capital punishment until 1792; but under other names, and with other accessories, Scotland, Germany, and Italy had known a similar contrivance in the sixteenth century. In Paris, where sooner or later everything finishes with a couplet, the newspapers and broadsheets, not long after that midnight *essai* at Bicêtre, began to overflow gaily enough with topical songs (couplets de circonstance) in praise of the doctor and his "razor." Two fragmentary samples will serve:—

Air—Quand la Mer Rouge apparut.

C'est un coup que l'on reçoit
Avant qu'on s'en doute;
A peine on s'en aperçoit,
Car on n'y voit goutte.

Un certain ressort caché,
Tout à coup étant lâché,
Fait tomber, ber, ber,
Fait sauter, ter, ter,
Fait tomber,
Fait sauter,
Fait voler la tête . . .
C'est bien puls honnête.

II.

Sur l'inimitable machine du Médecin
Guillotin, propre à couper les têtes, et dite
de son nom Guillotine.

Air—Du Menuet d'Exaudet.
Guillotin,
Médecin
Politique,
Imagine un beau matin
Que pendre est inhumain
Et peu patriotique;
Aussitôt,
Il lui faut
Un supplice
Que, sans corde ni poteau,
Supprime du bourreau
L'office, etc.

It was on the 17th of April, 1792, that proof was made of the first guillotine—not yet famed through France as the nation's razor. Three corpses, it is said (commodities easily procured at Bicêtre), were furnished for the experiment, which Doctors Guillotin and Louis directed. Mirabeau's physician and friend Cabanis was of the party, and—a not unimportant assistant—Samson the headsman, with his two brothers and his son. "The mere weight of the axe," said Cabanis, "sheared the heads with the swiftness of a glance, and the bones were clean severed (coupés net)." Dr. Louis recommended that the knife should be given an oblique direction, so that it might cut saw-fashion in its fall. The guillotine was definitely adopted; and eight days later, the 25th of April, it settled accounts with an assassin named Pelletier, who was the first to "look through the little window," and "sneeze into the sack (*éternuer dans le sac*)."

Four months after the first trial of the "inimitable machine," Bicêtre paid its tribute of blood to the red days of

September. In Bicêtre, as elsewhere in Paris, that Sunday, 2nd of September, 1792, and the three days that followed were long remembered. "All France leaps distracted," says Carlyle, "like the winnowed Sahara waltzing in sand colonnades!" In Paris, "huge placards" going up on the walls, "all steeples clangoring, the alarm-gun booming from minute to minute, and lone Marat, the man forbid," seeing salvation in one thing only—in the fall of "two hundred and sixty thousand aristocrat heads." It was the beginning or presage of the Terror.

The hundred hours' massacre in the prisons of Paris, beginning on the Sunday afternoon, may be reckoned with the hours of St. Bartholomew. "The tocsin is pealing its loudest, the clocks inaudibly striking three." The massacre of priests was just over at the Abbaye prison; and there, and at La Force, and at the Châtelet, and the Conciergerie, in each of these prisons the strangest court—which could not be called of justice but of revenge—was hurriedly got together, and prisoner after prisoner, fetched from his cell and swiftly denounced as a "royalist plotter," was thrust out into a "howling sea" of sansculottes and hewn to pieces under an arch of pikes and sabres. "Man after man is cut down," says Carlyle; "the sabres need sharpening, the killers refresh themselves from wine-jugs." Dr. Moore, author of the "Journal during a Residence in France," came upon one of the scenes of butchery, grew sick at the sight, and "turned into another street." Not fewer than a thousand and eighty-nine were slaughtered in the prisons.

The carnage at Bicêtre, on the Paris outskirts, was on the Monday, and here it seems to have been of longer duration and more terrible than elsewhere. Narratives of this butchery are not all in harmony. Prud'homme, author of the "Journal des Révolutions de Paris," says that the mob started for Bicêtre towards three o'clock, taking with them seven pieces of cannon; that a manufactory of false paper-money (assignats) was discovered in full swing in the

prison, and that all who were concerned in it were killed without mercy; that Lamotte, husband of the "Necklace Countess," was amongst the prisoners, and that the people "at once took him under their protection;" that the debtors and "the more wretched class of prisoners" were enlarged; and that the rest fell under pike, sabre, and club.

Barthélemi Maurice contradicts Prud'homme wholesale. The attack was at ten in the morning, he says, and not at three; there were no cannon; the paper-notes manufactory existed only in M. Prud'homme's imagination; prisoners for debt were not lodged in Bicêtre; the sick and the lunatics suffered no harm; and the famous Lamotte "never figured in any register of Bicêtre."

Thiers (*Histoire de la Révolution*) insists upon the cannon, says the killing was done madly for mere lust of blood, and that the massacre continued until Wednesday, the 5th of September.

Peltier in his turn, royalist pamphleteer, gives his version of the tragedy. This Bicêtre, says Peltier, was "the den of all the vices," the sewer, so to speak, of Paris. "All were slain; impossible to figure up the number of the victims. I have heard it placed at as many as six thousand!" Peltier is not easily satisfied. "Eight days and eight nights, without one instant's pause, the work of death went forward." Pikes, sabres, and muskets "were not enough for the ferocious assassins, they had to bring cannon into play." It was not until a mere handful of the prisoners remained "that they had recourse again to their small arms (que l'on en revenait aux petites armes)."

Doubtless the most accurate account of this merciless affair is contained in the statement made to Barthélemi Maurice by père Richard, *doyen* of the warders of Bicêtre, and an eye-witness. It may be summarized from the pages of MM. Alhoy and Lurine:—

"Master Richard traced on paper the three numbers, 166, 55, and 22.—What are those? I asked him.—166, that is

the number of the dead.—And 55 and 22 what are they?—55 was the number of children in the prison, and only 22 were left us. The scoundrels killed 33 children, besides the 166 adults.—Tell me how it began.—They came bellowing up at ten that Monday morning, all in the prison so still that you might have heard a fly buzzing, though we had three thousand men in that morning.—But you had cannon, they say; you defended yourselves.—Where did you get that tale, sir? We had no cannon, and we didn't attempt to defend ourselves.—What was the strength of the attacking party?—A good three thousand, I should say; but of those not more than about two hundred were active, so to speak.—Did they bring cannon?—It was said they did, but I saw none, though I looked out at the main gate more than once.—What were their arms, then?—Well, a few of them had second-hand muskets (*de méchants fusils*), others had swords, axes, bludgeons (*bûches*) and bills (*crochets*), but there were more pikes than anything else.—Were there any well-dressed people amongst them?—Oh, yes; the 'judges' especially; though the bulk of them were not much to look at.—How many 'judges' were there?—A dozen; but they relieved one another.—If there were judges, there was some sort of formality, I suppose. What was the procedure? How did they judge, acquit, and execute?—They sat in the clerk's office, a room down below, near the chapel. They made us fetch out the register; looked down the column of 'cause of imprisonment,' and then sent for the prisoner. If you were too frightened to feel your legs under you, or couldn't get a word out quick, it was 'guilty' on the spot.—And then?—Then the 'president' said: 'Let the citizen be taken to the Abbaye.' They knew outside what that meant. Two men seized him by the arm and led him out of the room. At the door he was face to face with a double row of cut-throats, a prod in the rear with a pike tossed him amongst them, and then—well there were some that took a good deal of finishing off.—They did not shoot

them then?—No, there was no shooting.—And the acquittals?—Well, if it was simply, 'take the citizen to the Abbaye,' they killed him. If it was 'take him to the Abbaye,' with *Vive la nation!* he was acquitted. It wasn't over at nightfall. We passed the night of the 3rd with the cut-throats inside the prison walls; they were just worn out. It began again on the morning of the 4th, but not quite with the same spirit. It was mostly the children who suffered on the Tuesday.—And the lunatics, and the patients, and the old creatures, did they get their throats cut, too?—No, they were all herded in the dormitories, with the doors locked on them, and sentinels inside to keep them from looking out of window. All the killing was done in the prison.—And when did they leave you?—At about three on Tuesday afternoon; and then we called the roll of the survivors.—And the dead?—We buried them in quicklime in our own cemetery."

The hideous *mise-en-scène* of père Richard is, at the worst, a degree less reproachful than that of Prud'homme, Peltier, or M. Thiers.

There was one worthy man at Bicêtre, Dr. Pinel, whose devotion to humanitarian science (a form of devotion not over-common in such places at that day) very nearly cost him his life at the hands of the revolutionary judges. Dr. Pinel, who had the notion that disease of the mind was not best cured by whipping, was accused by the Committee of Public Safety (under whose rule, it may be observed, no public ever went in greater terror) of plotting with medical science for the restoration of the monarchy! It was a charge quite worthy of the wisdom and the tenderness for "public safety" of the Comité de Salut Public. Pinel, disdaining oratory, vouchsafed the simplest explanation of his treatment at Bicêtre—and was permitted to continue it.

Not so charitable were the gods to Théroigne de Méricourt, a woman singular amongst the women of the Revolution. Readers of Carlyle will

remember his almost gallant salutations of her (a handsome young woman of the streets, who took a passion for the popular cause, and rode on a gun-carriage in the famous outing to Versailles) as often as she starts upon the scene. When he misses her from the procession, in the fourth book of the first volume, it is: "But where is the brown-locked, light-behaved, fire-hearted *Demoiselle Théroigne*? Brown eloquent beauty, who, with thy winged words and glances, shalt thrill rough bosoms—whole steel battalions—and persuade an Austrian Kaiser; pike and helmet provided for thee in due season, and alas! also strait waistcoat and long lodging in the *Salpêtrière*."

Théroigne was some beautiful village girl when the echo first reached her of the tocsin of the Revolution. She thought a woman was wanted there, and trudged hot-footed to Paris, perhaps through the self-same quiet lanes that saw the pilgrimage of *Charlotte Corday*. In Paris she took (for reasons of her own, one must suppose) the calling of "unfortunate female"—the euphemism will be remembered as *Carlyle's*—and dubbed herself the people's *Aspasie*—"l'*Aspasie du peuple*." In "tunic blue," over a "red petticoat," crossed with a tricolor scarf and crowned with the Phrygian cap, she roamed the streets, "erlant, jurant, blasphémant," to the tune of the drum of rebellion. One day the women of the town, in a rage of fear or jealousy, fell upon her, stripped her, and beat her through the streets. She went mad, and in the first years of this century she was still an inmate of *Bicêtre*. When the "women's side" of *Bicêtre* was closed, in 1803, *Théroigne* was transferred to the *Salpêtrière*, where she died.

During the hundred years (1748-1852) of the prisons of the *Bagnes*—those convict establishments at Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, which took the place of the galleys, and which in their turn gave way to the modern system of transportation—it was from *Bicêtre* that the chained cohorts of the *forçats* were despatched on their weary march

through France. The ceremony of the "ferrement," or putting in irons for the journey, was one of the sights of Paris for those who could gain admission to the great courtyard of the prison. At daybreak of the morning appointed for the start the long chains and collars of steel were laid out in the yard, and the prison smiths attended with their mallets and portable anvils; the convicts for whom these preparations were afoot keeping up a terrific din behind their grated windows. When all was ready for them, they were tumbled out by batches and placed in rows along the wall. Every man had to strip to the skin, let the weather be what it might, and a sort of smock of coarse calico was tossed to him from a pile in the middle of the yard; he did not dress until the toilet of the collar was finished. This, at the rough hands of the smith and his aids, was a sufficiently painful process. The convicts were called up in alphabetical order, and to the neck of each man a heavy collar was adjusted, the triangular bolt of which was hammered to by blows of a wooden mallet. To the padlock was attached a chain which, descending to the prisoner's waistbelt, was taken up thence and riveted to the next man's collar, and in this way some two hundred *forçats* were tethered like cattle in what was called the "*chaîne volante*." The satyr-like humors of the gang, singing and capering on the cobbles, shouting to the echo the name of some criminal hero as he stepped out to receive his collar, and sometimes joining hands in a frenzied dance, which was broken only by the savage use of the warders' bâtons—all this was the sport of the well-dressed crowd of spectators.

As far as the outskirts of Paris the convicts were carried in "*chars-à-bancs*," an armed escort on either side; and when the prison doors were thrown open to let them out the whole canaille of the town was waiting to receive them with yells of derision, to which the *forçats* responded with all the oaths they had. This was one of the most popular spectacles of Paris until the middle of the present century.

An essential sordidness is the character most persistent in the history of Bicêtre—a dull squalor, with perpetual crises of unromantic agony. There is no glamour upon Bicêtre; no silken gown with a domino above it rustles softly by lantern-light through those grimy wickets. It is not here that any gallant prisoner of state comes, bribing the governor to keep his table furnished with the best, receiving his love-letters in baskets of fruit, giving his wine parties of an evening. In the records of Vincennes and the Bastille the novelist will always feel himself at home, but Bicêtre has daunted him. It is poor Jean Valjean, of "*Les Misérables*," squatting "in the north corner of the courtyard," choked with tears, "while the bolt of his iron collar was being riveted with hammer-blows." This is the solitary figure of interest which Bicêtre has given to fiction.

If a shadowy figure may be added, it is from the same phantasmagoric gallery of Victor Hugo. Bicêtre was the prison of the nameless faint-heart who weeps and moans through the incredible pages of "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*." Then, and until 1836, Bicêtre was the last stage but one (*l'avant-dernière étape*) on the road to the guillotine. The last was the Conciergerie, close to the Place de Grève. The shadow-murderer of "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*"—for there is no real stuff of murder in him, and he is the feeblest and least sympathetic puppet of fiction—is useful only as bringing into relief the old, disused and forgotten "*cachot du condamné*," or condemned cell, of Bicêtre. It was a den eight feet square; rough stone walls, moist and sweating, like the flags which made the flooring; the only "window" a grating in the iron door; a truss of straw on a stone couch in a recess; and an arched and blackened ceiling, wreathed with cobwebs.

Starting out of sleep one night, Hugo's condemned man lifts his lamp and sees spectral writings, figures and arabesques in crayons, blood, and charcoal, dancing over the wall of the cell—the "visitors' book" of generations of "con-

damnés à mort" who have preceded him. Some had blazoned their names in full, with grotesque embellishments of the capital letter and a motto underneath breathing their last defiance to the world; and in one corner, "traced in white outline, a frightful image, the figure of the scaffold, which, at the moment that I write, may be rearing its timbers for me! The lamp all but fell from my hands."

TIGHE HOPKINS.

From The Fortnightly Review.

ON AN OLD AMERICAN TURNPIKE.

The Bethel Pike, or, as it is sometimes called, the "old rock road," runs right through what was once the blackest bit of the black belt of Virginia; and this latter term, let me hasten to explain, has no geological significance whatever, but was merely used to indicate that middle region of the State where, in former days, the negro was most thick upon the land. Regarding the second name conferred upon the decayed highway, along which I am going to ask the reader to travel with me in fancy for a short distance, it will be sufficient to say that the remains of the only effort ever made in Virginia to macadamize a country road still strew its surface. This memorable achievement belongs to the days of stage coaches sixty years ago. It took the shape of a narrow causeway of rough rocks bisecting the broad mud track of which the ordinary Virginia road did then and still does consist, and was once regarded as the wonder of its time. I have seen old pictures—mostly, however, of advertising tendencies, of the stage coach skimming this crude embankment at the giddiest rate. But ever since I can remember, the chief aim of the declining traffic has been to dodge the fearsome causeway by hugging first one fence and then the other, according as weather and circumstances permitted. Nowadays, indeed, you may travel for miles along

the Bethel Pike without meeting any traffic whatsoever, whether horse or foot, and this not because the road has relapsed into a state of nature, for that is the normal condition of most Virginia roads, but because there are scarcely any people left to travel on it.

There is probably no more pathetic sight of the kind to be seen anywhere than that presented by large districts, nay, whole counties, in this same black belt of Virginia. In regions nearer home it is true the deer may wander or the sheep nibble over the vanished habitations of an expatriated peasantry. But in such cases it is rather the triumph of economy—if in some eyes an undesirable triumph—over sentimental poverty. The human occupants must have lived perpetually upon the borderland of want; their four-footed successors are at least the symbol of wealth and the pastures they wander over are of greater, not less profit to their owner, than before. But here over large districts of Virginia everything has gone or almost everything—squirearchy and peasantry alike—and they were not miserable and poverty-stricken but happy and prosperous. Nor is there here any stock to take their place, for stock would starve upon the briars and broomsedge that run riot over the deserted fields. And these people, let it be remembered, lived here, not for many centuries it is true, but for more than two, and this for the purpose in hand is much the same as twenty.

The leading cause of this desolation, it need hardly be said, was the civil war and the collapse of negro slavery. But it was by no means the only one. The recent history of the South is, on the whole, one of progress. Those districts that were naturally rich in soil or mineral wealth, have maintained or vastly improved their former position. Those which are naturally poor have retrograded with still greater rapidity, and it was upon these latter that the most patriarchal establishments in the old slavery days were very largely to be found. For the last few days it has

been all that the keen Yankee or thrifty German can do, to hold his own upon the richest lands of America. The fight of the easy going and somewhat shiftless gentry of Virginia upon some of the poorest ceased long ago, and was a foregone conclusion, though hardly at the close of the sixties a foreseen one. For I remember very well about that time how people in those parts felt and spoke regarding the future. A large number of the gentry and practically all the yeomen or middle class remained upon their farms after the war. They could not all go to Baltimore and become lawyers and insurance agents, though so many Virginians did fly to that then almost sole harbor of refuge, as to create a grievance among the natives not yet quite forgotten. By the close of the decade which saw the war, almost every landowner remaining on his place, and these were many, had contrived to collect sufficient implements and stock wherewith to cultivate his lands. The latter, carrying good houses and what local custom considered good outbuildings, were at least his own, if sometimes encumbered. The negroes had virtually not moved, and could be hired at wages which, compared to the rest of the continent were very low. The Southerners are constitutionally a sanguine people, and the Virginian, when he had recovered from the shock of war and reconstruction, and had fairly settled down at home again, was distinctly hopeful of his future as a farmer. He was poor of course, and had little or no credit, for his negroes had been his security, while now they were free men and his laborers. But with very few exceptions the Virginian gentleman had never tasted luxury as the word is commonly understood. Of the many daily necessities of an English landowner or gentleman of most moderate means he never dreamt. In his establishment there had been a rude plenty, but in its appointments and fittings, except that everything was clean, and that it was distinctly the home of a gentleman as opposed to that of a mere farmer, there was no

approach to the interior of the ordinary English country mansion.

An owner of three thousand acres would rank in England among the lesser squirearchs. But three thousand British acres before the recent collapse, and even yet sometimes, would mean £150,000 or nearly a million of dollars. Now half that sum in the palmiest days of slavery would have bought out nearly any of the bigger magnates in Virginia, land slaves and personalty, and few of the country gentry were worth a quarter of it, I mention this because so much rubbish has been written of ante-bellum luxury and splendor by imaginative Americans, either Northerners who knew nothing of the old Southern life, or by untravelled Southerners whose notions of luxury mean abundance of home-cured ham, a mint julep before breakfast, or a black boy to pull their boots off. Such writers have been taken too literally, and much misconception has arisen both in England and America regarding the actual standard of that happy, careless, and picturesque life, which distinguished the Southern States, and most of all Virginia, before the war.

The Virginia gentry of slavery days lived simply, partly because they had to, and partly because they knew no other life. The cares of a plantation and the ownership of a hundred or two negroes did not admit of those prolonged absences in which a mere rent receiver could indulge. In some districts that I could indicate there was money made in a modest way by actual farming. In most, however, and in particular such as we are now considering, if the estate was self-supporting it was as much as it was capable of. When the domestic wants of the planter's household had been supplied, and the numerous families of negroes fed and clothed, all of which was done with little recourse to the city merchant, there was not often a great deal left for outside needs. Education was, of course, a leading item, but the State University was comparatively inexpensive, nor were there sons in crack

regiments, nor wine-merchants' bills worth mentioning, nor did the accounts of tailor and dressmaker make very serious demands on this happy rustic society. Taxes were light, while of those innumerable tributes to his position which, in the shape of local subscriptions, lighten the purse of even the smaller English squire, the Virginia landowner knew nothing. There was no high-class fast life to attract the men folk, either of a sporting or convivial sort. Young gentlemen went to the dogs occasionally, as they will do all the world over; but in Virginia they had to go there in a dismal squalid fashion, amid the atmosphere of provincial whiskey saloons and low companions. The tone of society, however, was in general wholesome and excellent, and it matters little if its backsliders had no opportunity of sowing their wild oats like gentlemen, if there be in that any particular merit.

The very simplicity of this old Virginia society was its charm, with its courteous old-fashioned manners and its hearts both stout and kind, and as much education within its ranks as was in those days necessary to ladies and gentlemen living out of touch with the world's great centres. Perhaps the principal domestic extravagance of these days was the annual visit to the Springs, a pilgrimage no properly constituted Virginia family could omit. Here were mountain breezes and healing waters for the sickly; dancing and flirting *ad galore* for the young; and opportunities for the old of telling stories and cracking jokes and talking politics, such as no local court-house could offer. That was a happy day always when the family started in all its glory for the Springs. The wheat harvest was over, the corn was "laid by," the young tobacco plants had "taken hold," and under the hot July sun were dimpling the red hillsides or darker low grounds in chequered lines of green. The negroes were sleek and fat, and happy in the sunshine and the abundance around them. There was a lull in the year's anxieties, and the lord of this strangely constituted kingdom

possessed his soul, for once, in peace as the family coach, loaded with trunks and piloted by some ancient retainer, turned off the ruts of the private road on to the ruts of the great main highway. Along the same route, too, went the saddle-horses, bestridden by frollesome sons or cackling negroes, pacing, racking, or fox-trotting along in the red dust, all bound for one or other of those mountain Meccas of the Virginia pilgrims. This forlorn old rugged, deserted turnpike echoed in former days to the merry tramp of thousands of these light-hearted pilgrims. Now those indefatigable beetles, whose mission consists in rolling the summer dust of Virginia highways into pellets, pursue their inscrutable calling from morning till night, without fear of destruction by wheel or hoof. Entertaining, it was true, was the delight of the old Virginian, nor were there ever in the world more charming hosts; but the plantation provided almost wholly for the simple entertainment, for there nearly everything was produced that ministered to a guest's wants. The saddle-horse that was sent to fetch him from the station, even the servant that led it there was raised on the place; the blankets he slept under were woven in the cabins; the mutton, the ham, the hot biscuits, the sweet milk, and the other simple and admirable condiments that, with the exception of a mint julep before breakfast, and perhaps a glass or two of Madeira at dinner, formed the acme of local Epicureanism were all home grown.

I should not, however, have thought it worth while to drop into any financial comparisons concerning the bygone gentry of Virginia, except for the reason that it has always seemed to me a pity that so much florid nonsense about "Barons" and "lavish splendor" and the like should have obscured not only the truth, but, in a measure, also the chief excellence of this society, which lay in its simplicity. A simplicity, too, of which it was itself almost unconscious, for it knew nothing else and had no standard of comparison. Owing a good deal to this latter

cause, and with the help of an idealist literature, also due partly to it, the Southerner of this generation has almost persuaded himself that his slave-owning forbears ate off gold and silver plates, drove habitually in a coach and six, and traced their descent to the most illustrious houses of Britain.

As a matter of fact, Virginia had been none too prosperous for the last generation of the slave era. Her lands had been going down, and but for the great demand for negroes occasioned by the development of the new cotton planting industry in the far south, some crisis in her affairs must have occurred thirty years before she was forced into war by her hot-headed sisters. She saved herself by becoming, through the force of circumstances, "a raising state," and for the last period of the old life her chief export was negroes. This sounds more brutal than it actually was, for trade was fortuitous as far as the individual went, though systematic as regards the State as a whole, and this again sounds paradoxical. But, as a matter of fact, the export was not intentional, except on the part of the slave-trader who prowled about, tempting the less scrupulous owners with offers of two thousand dollars for a stalwart man or fifteen hundred for a "likely" woman out of his abundant stock of humanity. Among even the best masters it had always been considered legitimate to part with a negro who had proved himself incorrigible; but that channel through which Virginia negroes went south in the greatest numbers was the forced sale under bankruptcy or legal pressure, when these human assets, amid general lamentation, and the remorseful wailings of their owners, had to take their chance with the furniture and the cattle, beneath the inexorable hammer of the auctioneer.

To come back, however, to the close of the war and the period of reconstruction referred to at the beginning of this paper. Numb despair had been succeeded by something like hope in the breasts of the Virginians, who still stuck to their homesteads. I well re-

member the state of feeling upon this subject. The land had never, it was truly said, been reasonably treated under slavery. And upon this every one was agreed. To kindly treatment the exhausted acres and infertile fields would generously respond. So said Yankee farmers who began to put in an appearance though not a very warmly welcomed one; so said hard-headed Scotchmen and confident cocksure Englishmen. And so at last came to believe the native owners, though not quite so confident, because they knew them better, of the ready response to improvement of their paternal acres as the strangers who lectured them on the subject and what was better still, backed their opinion by purchasing for purposes of illustration no inconsiderable share of the country. There was a good excuse indeed in those days for the number of estates that were for sale; and very eligible they appeared. Their buildings were far superior to the ordinary farmhouse of Canada, and there was no suggestion of that backwoods life which had hitherto been indelibly associated both in the British and New England minds with expatriation. The lands were well watered and lay in gentle undulation ready for the plough. The landscape was not sublime, but it was good to look upon, and still is so for those, if there could be any such, to whom its briery waste and sedgy fields and rotting fences tell no tales. Stately forests of fine timber covered the unoccupied spaces; prolific orchards of apple and peach trees bloomed around the homesteads; the climate was the best upon the Atlantic coast. It was, in truth, a region calculated to hold the affection of its sons, and to attract the stranger, particularly the educated stranger, and imbue him with a hankering for country life under such conditions as seemed here to exist. "Here will I live and die," was the resolve of many a New Englander and not a few Britishers as they surveyed the roomy, and even dignified looking mansion, with its ancestral oaks and broad acres, that had just passed into their hands at a price which seemed

to them a bargain, and to those who knew perhaps a little better, quite fair and reasonable. Such prices, indeed, read now like a joke, though in truth a very grim one. "Who can suppose," wrote an English author and authority on such matters about the year 1870, "that these Virginian estates, now freely offered at thirty and forty dollars an acre, will be long in the market at figures such as these." A true enough prophet was our author, but alas, alas, not in the fashion he intended. Far as the eye can see, and that is very far indeed from some high points upon the Bethel Pike, there is scarcely a farm that if put upon the market to-day would fetch, not forty, but *four* dollars an acre. Upon behalf of most I will undertake to say that the auctioneer would expend his eloquence upon deaf ears and shout his laudatory platitudes in vain.

But this is merely the bald financial side of the question, though it may be doubted if pages of description could tell a woeful tale more significantly. I do not know that this is a very interesting, or what would be called a very tragic tale, to the general reader. I am not in a position to judge. It is simply that of the depopulation of a vast region, where life for long ages went merrily, but is now silent or very nearly so, and the feeble sparks that flicker here and there amid the weedy desolation, only seem to me to accentuate the sadness of the scene.

Every one has gone, not only the old families, but the later ones, who with help and hope and capital came in a quarter of a century ago to fill up the gaps that war and its consequences had made, and to demonstrate that the poor lands of Virginia only wanted farming properly to laugh with gladness. One after another natives and foreigners gave up the unequal struggle.

The latter soon found that except in the strips of river bottom they had struck land of a poverty beyond all calculation, and through whose too often porous subsoil manures disappeared with heart-breaking rapidity. No natural grass, as in the northern states,

and western counties even of Virginia, grew upon the waste places to cover their nakedness, but broomsedge and briars and thorns and saplings only. To achieve a set of clover required considerable effort, and even then the result was problematical—while winter storms cut deep channels in the soft red hillsides, and summer suns blistered and defertilized the galls and scars that marked their course. In the middle of the "seventies" prices fell grievously. The west, with her overflowing abundance, grew nearer every year. All grades of tobacco but the very best, which was producible only in certain counties, ceased to pay. Growing seven or eight bushels of wheat to the acre, with an occasional twelve, had been possible under slavery, and remained possible, though hardly profitable with the high prices which followed the war, but with the collapse of the grain markets became an absurdity. The fattening of cattle on land that could rarely be persuaded to take or hold grass worth mentioning was out of the question. Guide books and histories, and magazine writers from time immemorial, tell us that all this was because the lands of East Virginia were worn out by repeated crops of tobacco. There is a half or rather quarter truth about this—as every one with a practical experience of this subject knows that amounts to a fiction. This is what many of the strangers thought who came into the country after the war, and it took them some years to find out that the greater part of the land was "naiteral po' in the woods," as the vernacular had it. The country had been well enough to live happily in and raise negroes. Even after this, till the West came into action, it remained as a sort of possibility. But with the fierce competition of fat prairies and low prices, what could such a region hope for? People cannot live on sentiment or feed on climate. Nor can old associations or tender memories keep the wolf from the door.

Ever since the period following the war it has been my lot to traverse, at stated intervals, the same twenty miles

or so of the old Bethel Pike. And if I take as my text this particular line of road it is only because I know it best, and have been an eye-witness of its slow but sure decay, and have the melancholy satisfaction as I ride along of peopling its deserted homesteads and abandoned fields with familiar names and well-remembered faces. But this, after all, is but a fraction of a large slice of Virginia which tells the same sad tale. Nor would it be a spectacle half so pathetic if the country, as here and there is actually the case, had been wholly abandoned to the forests of scrub, oak, and pine, that without intrinsic value of their own would, if unchecked, at least have thrown their kindly canopy over these dismal skeletons of the past. But life, as I have said, flickers feebly yet upon these old estates. Heaven knows who they now belong to. Most of them have changed hands, and that more than once, and always at declining prices, since I first knew them. Many of them are now hardly worth paying taxes on, and taxes are low. Here and there a surviving scion of some old family may be found struggling with the briars, bearing but little likeness in appearance or education, and still less in the condition of his life, to his forbears. Sometimes the dilapidated acres are still owned by the family, who are scattered in trade or what not all over the United States, while some "poor white" or negro tenant undertakes to pay a rent which theoretically almost nominal is reduced in practice to microscopic proportions. Mortgagees own many through foreclosure, storekeepers, perhaps, or lawyers in the local towns, and if they get rent enough to pay the taxes and keep the buildings from actually falling, it is the utmost satisfaction unless maybe a few days quail shooting in November, that they derive from the acquisition. In some places, indeed, the forests have re-asserted themselves so freely that the very deer, after a banishment of a century, let us say, have found their way back to as great a solitude as that from which they were originally

driven. But for the most part the landscape lies as open as of old, and the fields keep their former boundaries, marking them rather by the lusty growth of briars and saplings that have flourished especially along the fences than by the rotting rails they hide. And at the season of the year when, in happier days, the cheery shout of the negro, as he followed his plough or harrow over the red corn lands, and the busy stir of rural life filled the air, the blooms of the dog-wood and the wild cherry and the peach blow over wastes of broom sedge that are in themselves, perhaps, less depressing to look upon than the dismal efforts to fight against fate which break the desolation.

Here is a hillside on whose briery face the withered corn-stalks of two years ago are still standing, telling by their miserable attenuation a tale unmistakable. Here a few acres of wheat thin beyond belief upon the ground, and of a sickly color, save where some old tobacco-barn or cabin has stood, and a bright, rank patch shows by contrast what wheat should be in April and what it is not. There, again, a field of last year's corn has been followed in the ordinary local rotation by oats, which amid dead corn-stalks and a promising growth of weeds and bushes is making a desperate struggle for existence. If it achieves this last it may thresh out six bushels to the acre, a miserable output indeed, but one which the sickly wheat-field across the road will hardly run to. Fine horses, as everybody knows, once scampered and whinnied over these now tangled wastes, horses that were the pride of a sport-loving population, whose sires often had borne names of note upon Newmarket Heath and Epsom Downs, themselves distinguished upon Southern race-tracks, and not unfamiliar with the music of horn and hound. It is needless to remark that the Virginia horse, which still enjoys some reputation in America, does not find its model in the miserable drudges that, scarred by collar and trace-chain, toil in these unprofitable furrows, or

drag the crazy, half-loaded wagons along the old rock road.

Following along the latter, it carries us every now and again with sharp descent and little ceremony into the waves of some rapid stream that brawls over its pebbly bed with a callous gaiety that seems somehow at variance with the scenes through which it is travelling. As our steed, after the fashion of all its kind in Virginia, stands in midstream and slakes an apparently unquenchable thirst, a pleasant vista unfolds itself to left and right of sunlit foam and grey rocks, and bowers of leaves that willow, alder, beech, and sycamore form with their spreading branches.

Here, too, are some remnants of fertility, and, indeed, all along the tortuous course of the little river strips of alluvial bottom land will be found hugging its banks, which in former days, on the greater estates made up in some sort for the infertile uplands that spread on either hand. Still in those days such choice bits were treated with some forbearance. To protect them from washing floods at least was the planters' care, and to sow them from time to time in meadow grass or clover. Even such simple operations are beyond the scope of the hungry, shiftless occupier of modern days, whose reckless plough vies with the wayward stream in destroying those few spots where he can still hope to raise some apology for a crop.

But perhaps it is in the homesteads themselves that the contrast between the "then and now" is saddest. Many of them you would hardly notice from the turnpike, for though standing mostly upon hill tops, those that have any past in a social sense are a long way back from the road, and often hidden by those stately groves of forest trees that throw their protecting arms around every well constituted Virginia homestead.

Here is one that, even after the war, remained a type of that simple, gracious, old-fashioned hospitality that distinguished the period before it. The track that wandered off the turn-

pike through the woods to the private entrance was easy enough to overlook even in those days, and now when the dead leaves lie upon it, undisturbed by passing wheel or hoof, it is difficult to trace up to the two rotting posts upon which once hung the ever-open and hospitable gate. The house itself in a score of years seems to have lived a lifetime, and to have hastened from cheerful and well preserved middle age to decrepitude and decay. The windows have mostly fallen out, and a battered shutter hangs here and there by a single hinge from the sash to emphasize the woe-begone aspect of the walls. Scarred are these with ominous-looking cracks in the brick that no inmates whose interest in life was vigorous and circulation normal could contemplate without dismay. A family of "poor whites" occupy one wing of the decaying mansion and work their wild will on a portion of the surrounding acres. And the "poor white" of eastern Virginia is both in appearance and ways of life the most unlovely sample of Anglo-Saxon, of rural Anglo-Saxon at any rate, that an inscrutable Providence has fashioned. To suppose that a single window-pane would be replaced, a single nail driven into a loose plank, or a gate hung upon its hinges under the auspices of these gentry, would be not to know them. If anything were wanted to intensify the melancholy of this spectre of an old Virginia home the gaunt forms and yellow faces and vacant stare of its present occupants are well calculated to do so.

The heavy portico over the door, resting in the English fashion of the Georgian period, on lofty fluted columns, has shed the plaster from its ceiling in big cakes upon the rotting steps. The Virginia squires never grasped the rudiments of landscape gardening. An acre or so of old turf shaded with forest trees and sprinkled with a few exotics filled, and upon the whole filled well, every requirement of dignity and comfort.

Not even this relic of former days, however, has escaped the aggressive inroad which nature abandoned to

itself makes beneath these southern suns. For the briars and weeds from the half-tilled fields without have leaped the broken palings of the lawn and are disputing every yard of ground with the old sod that seemed to have in it the resisting power of a century's growth and care.

In the vegetable garden on which chiefly in olden days the care of the household, and above all of its ladies, used to be expended, the turf walks can still be traced, and the posts and trellis-work over which the grape-vines once clambered with such profusion are even yet partly standing—out of a jungle of weeds waist-high—old-fashioned herbs still push their heads up here and there for life and light, and the box-edgings of the beds have struggled up into rank bushes, stiff and straight amid the chaos.

And yet perhaps it is the inside of the house that awakens the saddest memories. Each chamber in its musty silence has some tale of its own to tell, and the tale told within these particular walls is not that of a single family, but of hundreds—the story of a whole race who once were powerful, were a leading factor in the life, not of a province, but of a nation, and who have within a period comparatively brief passed out of existence. The nails are still sticking in the walls from which used to hang those homely but none the less treasured paintings of gentlemen in wigs and swords, and ladies who danced with Braddock's fated officers at Williamsburg, and as sober matrons turned up no doubt their pretty noses (in secret) at Patrick Henry's rustic eloquence and Mr. Jefferson's dowdy clothes. It needs not the memory of these vanished symbols to remind us how Virginia in prosperity and political influence was once the foremost of American commonwealths, and had much more than her share in a numerical sense, considerable though this was, in guiding and shaping the early history of the United States.

Virginia as a state is, upon the whole, by no means unprosperous. We have been looking at her moribund

and historic half. That other portion, which represents her increase and prosperity, which fattens cattle and grows corn with moderate success, which delves for coal and iron, rears blast furnaces and factories and summer hotels, though beautiful indeed by nature, belongs otherwise to the commonplace tale of modern progress, and has no connection with the point of view from which this paper is written. But this pleasant and prosperous western half that hugs the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge and lies amid the shadow of the Alleghanies is not, to any appreciable extent, the Virginia of the days when her opinion was listened to by sister colonies and sister states with a deference that reads strangely now.

It is this old Virginia, this famous cradle of the English race beyond the sea, that now lies, to so great an extent, an almost hopeless desert, or what, compared to any other agricultural country in the civilized world, is practically a desert—and it is likely to remain so. This is not an age when the pressure of population is forcing men on to sterile lands—above all on to sterile lands in America, where migration is so simple and land so abundant. It is all, indeed, that the tillers of fertile farms can do, at this time, to hold their own. The owners of indifferent lands are having an anxious time of it, while those who live upon poor ones, though they may have cultivated them with thrift and energy for generations, are abandoning their homes wholesale, as in New England, for the fatter pastures of the prairies, or the sunny fertility of the Pacific coast. And the abandoned farms of New England were considerably more productive than the mass of middle and eastern Virginia. Even the proximity to markets, which at one time partly neutralized the comparative poverty of eastern lands, has no longer any commercial significance. For purposes of export the railroads have equalized long freights and short ones, while in the matter of home markets the centre of population shifts further westward every day. Nor, indeed, could any ad-

vantage of markets assist a country whose means of getting to them are over the worst roads in the world, and that has little chance now of ever having better ones. It is difficult to conceive, for those who really know it, any combination of circumstances that can, within measurable time, arrest the decay of a large portion of Virginia east of the Piedmont counties—a region, roughly speaking, half the size of England, and once pre-eminently the England of the New World, where the manners and customs, the sports, and even the prejudices of the mother country were reproduced with a fidelity that in colonial days was almost pathetic, and the traces of which are even yet not wholly extinct.

A. G. BRADLEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THROUGH TOURAINE ON WHEELS.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

I listened not long since to a discussion as to what invention had contributed most to human happiness and ease. Wine, weaving, and money, steam, telegraphy, and lucifer-matches—each received the consideration to which undoubtedly it is entitled; but the conclave, having rejected the claims of all these to the palm, separated without agreeing on the relative merits of wheels and elastic bands—for everybody, it seemed, shrank from contemplating existence in the absence of either of these palliatives of discomfort.

Pondering over the arguments which had been advanced in favor of each of these crowning boons to leaden-footed, wooden-fingered humanity, and feeling wholly unable to decide which should be surrendered were one called on to make a sacrifice, I wended my way slowly down to take the train. Train—ah, wheels! methought; no wheels, no train, eh? Well; suppose there were no trains, the necessity for perpetually catching them would disappear; one of the bitterest ingredients would be

struck out of life, and think what a lot we should save in cab-fares! Wish I had thought of that sooner: I might have dashed into the discussion and carried a triumphant verdict in favor of elastic bands; for, seeing that people have been foolish enough to contrive trains, cabs, and other destroyers of tranquillity, involving incessant posts and everlasting packings, how would it be possible to stand the wear of civilization without elastic bands?

But just as this conviction had dawned on my halting apprehension, it was dispelled by a very simple incident. My eye fell on the figure of a New-haven fishwife, waiting, like myself, only with infinitely more patience, for the train. Such a figure surely can never be without interest, because, except the Ayrshire dairymaids, these fishwives are the only people in Scotland who have retained in their peculiar dress, always neat, fresh, and becoming, the traditions of national costume. Who can be grateful enough to them for doing so, in these days of "bowler" hats and aniline dyes?

So I gazed on this fishwife with benign approval.

But presently it became plain that it was not well with the poor woman. She had laid down her basket and seated herself, wearily sighing. Her cheek was sallow and sunken; elbows on knees, she pressed her brow with both hands; evidently her head was aching badly. Yet her brow, the seat of her pain, was just where the weight would press when she resumed her load. Poor thing! how much more easily she could have carried her fish in a wheelbarrow than in the picturesque creel prescribed by immemorial custom of her people. A wheelbarrow! Elastic bands would afford her no relief—the revulsion of opinion is obvious—after all, wheels minister more to general convenience than the other immortal invention in favor of which I had pronounced a verdict.

This has since been confirmed by the experience of a recent tour along the Loire on a bicycle. In fact, this latest development of the wheel has done a

good deal towards restoring that of which a previous one, railways to wit, had robbed us—the wayside inn, the unconscious village, the tranquil woodland, the little old churches, of which tourists, rushing from cathedral to castle, from minster to museum, had almost ceased to take account. For example, of all regions in France, perhaps none, as viewed from the railway, oppresses the traveller more persistently with the monotony of affluent cultivation than the seventy miles lying between Orléans and Tours. Just as none of the wooded beauties of Clydesdale is revealed to one travelling by rail from Glasgow to Edinburgh (surely the most dismal route in the United Kingdom), so here the painful diligence of man has reduced the whole plateau to uniform fertility, and no sign is visible of the many fascinating places that lie apart. In both countries the names of stations stir a host of historic associations, but before these can be reviewed, the train moves on, and the clue is broken.

But on a bike (or, as they nickname it more musically in France, a *vélo*) one traverses the ancient highways, free to linger or to hurry on; and, in France at least, one is reasonably sure of fine weather, and perfectly so of good cheer and superlative roads. In this favored land, too, the cyclist meets with a degree of consideration which French railway officials do not always vouchsafe to the ordinary passenger. Perhaps it is by reason of the democratic character of the *bicyclette* that its rider is accorded in France facilities greatly more liberal than any that may be wrung from English railway companies—always provided that he is a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club.¹ If he is not—he will meet with the customary harshness: he must pay duty on his machine, no matter how archaic may be its design or how shabby its appearance, and the first impression of French railways will be the usual one—that they are contrived

¹ Offices, 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W. Annual subscription, 3s. 6d.

to impede rather than to facilitate locomotion, and that the unfluent foreigner who ventures on them does so at the imminent risk of imprisonment for life, having first suffered forfeiture of all his movable goods.

But let him display the magic circlet of card bestowed by the Touring Club on its members, and all difficulties will be smoothed away. His bicycle, for conveying which from London to Calais the London and Chatham Company charged him 7s. 6d., may be registered for any distance on each line for ten centimes, and the porters vie with each other in careful handling and stowing this most troublesome form of baggage. Hence, whereas the English company charged, as has been said, 15s. for carrying our two bicycles one hundred miles, the French companies of Le Nord and of Orléans conveyed them two hundred and fifty-eight miles for about 3½d.

In deciding to descend the Loire from Orléans we committed a blunder, which every bicyclist will appreciate on being reminded that the prevailing wind of that region in April is westerly. It would have lessened the labor vastly had we begun at Nantes and worked up with the wind astern; for nobody knows till he has tried how much resistance is caused even by a light head-wind. It throws quite a new light on the feelings of beasts of draught; for if such be the effect of wind on the figure of a single cyclist, what must it be on a wagon-tilt or omnibus?

From Orléans itself nearly all that owed its interest to age has been removed, so that in trying to reconstruct the scene of the Maid's gallant exploit one is hampered more than in most places by the obliteration of ancient limits and landmarks; and the numerous commemorative statues, tablets, and bronzes are of little assistance to the imagination. The cathedral of Saint Croix is an affront—an elaborate imposture. Viewed from afar, dim in the pearly haze, its great twin towers and lofty nave (the roof is one hundred feet high) give promise of a noble building; but a nearer approach betrays

the seventeenth-century mimicry of an older style—a bolder fraud, but not less disappointing, than Strawberry Hill. Over the west door is a composition of robust angels, pillowed in tumbling clouds, supporting a huge blank escutcheon. It was not always blank, though; it was Republican zeal that caused the Bourbon lilies which once it bore to be carefully chiselled away. Nothing betrays the vulgarity of the architect more surely than the profusion of great rose-windows. The builders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries introduced this feature very sparingly, to give special richness to a transept gable or west front, and never indulged in such a *tour-de-force* in stone merely to show their own cleverness; but no such modesty restrained the architects of Saint Croix, who have scooped out rose-windows wherever they could find room.

A number of good houses in the Renaissance of François I. lurk in some of the older streets; notably a beautiful one, 28 Rue Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, now a warehouse, but with the carving in delicate relief faithfully preserved in the exquisite limestone of the Loire.

Severely as it has been first battered, and then restored and improved into commonplace, the ancient capital of the Orléannais has a smiling, kindly aspect; and the environs are pretty by reason of the market-gardeners who there abound, and give more attention than is usual with their kind to the rearing of fair flowers. Evelyn, who was here in 1644, mentions in his journal that the roads and streets of Orléans were "ample and straites, so well paved with a kind of pibble that I have not seen a neater town in France." A good deal more of the "pibble" remains than is at all agreeable to those who do journey on bicycles; but it was worth a run of five miles or so, mainly over this execrable pavé, to the Château de la Source, where the Loiret wells full-grown and lucent from a green prairie, were it only to gaze on a magnificent magnolia on the terrace there. It is a tree of the Yuhlan

variety, which puts forth flowers before its leaves, standing about twenty-five feet high—and, when we saw it, was a pyramid of fragrant, shell-like chalices of ivory whiteness, relieved against the dark wall of the château behind; below, the beautiful image was repeated in the glassy surface of the *source*. The day happened to be still, by the bye, which furnished the concierge who showed the grounds with an opportunity for what seemed to be his only spontaneous observation. "Miroir du château!" quoth he, halting at a point where the house could be seen reflected in the lake. Peradventure he keeps something else appropriate for windy weather when the *miroir* is shattered, but to all interrogations he replied in desponding monosyllables.

This château is marked in memory by something rarer in France than either magnolia or *miroir*—namely, the sweet contralto of a blackbird. You can't eat your merle, you see, and hear him too; and so it has come sadly to this, that you may travel through leagues of oak coppice in this month of April, when all feathered things make honeymoon, and hear no song but the twitter of a few belated birds of passage. Magpies there are in plenty, and one is grateful for their gay coats gleaming on the brown wolds; jays too, though their cheerful swearing may not be heard in the nesting season; above all, there is the yaffle, or green woodpecker, with joyous laugh; for no *chef* has been found able to turn these into dainty dishes. But all the accomplished songsters of the greenwood and field have been swept into the pot, and it is only in some private grounds—"policies," as Scotsmen do use to call them—that a few blackbirds and thrushes find harbor.

Leaving Orléans by the north bank of the Loire, in which fair stream surely more fishers cast the angle than in any other—their rods form a far-stretching jungle along the shore—one enters upon a paradise for wheels. For not only has the road a perfect surface—something between buff marble and velvet—but it

runs over a series of low, wide ridges, thus yielding that alternation of easy gradient which is so much preferable to a dead level. Then almost every village holds a church or other buildings, unrecorded in guide-books, but often of great interest or beauty; not to mention a restaurant where the fare, solid and fluid, is of surpassing excellence. Meung, for example, is an unpretending little place of some three thousand inhabitants, eleven miles from Orléans—just the right distance to tempt a leisurely couple like ourselves to stop for déjeuner. Everybody knows what sort of luncheon one might expect in a superior kind of village like this in England: a good chop or sound cold beef, with strong cheese to follow, should be the zenith of his expectation, and the riper his experience the less will be his surprise if the reality betrays the hope. Wo! too, to the traveller in our own dear land who may not drink beer and cannot relish whiskey. But his must be a meticulous palate which is not tickled with the wines of the Orléannais and Touraine; and as for cookery, is not this the very realm of good living—the home of Rabelais and the monks of Thelema?

At Meung we were received by the same landlord who received D'Artagnan on his yellow horse, for although on the signboard he is designated "Tonneau jeune," he is so old and bent that there can be little doubt of his identity. It must have been for political reasons that he changed the ancient title of Franc Meunier, known to the "Trois Mousquetaires," to the colorless one of Hôtel Saint Jacques. In this may be traced a want of commercial acumen quite in keeping with Dumas' explanatory parenthesis to the effect that this landlord n'était pas doué d'une grande perspicacité. Nevertheless he served us an admirable déjeuner—partridge (though the month was April), friture of small tench (imagine tench cooked in an English wayside tavern!), *filet*, and—crowning delicacy—prunes stewed, not in the sticky syrup dear to "plain cooks," but in red wine. There was excellent wine to

drink, too, both red and white, and we rose from table in a fitting mood to view the really noble Norman abbey church, to peep through iron gates, between crowded tree-stems at a tempting château adjoining, and to examine the picturesque town gate, part of the sixteenth-century fortifications.

Five miles farther lies Beaugency, rather larger than Meung, of delightfully mediæval aspect, and reputed to produce the best wine of the Orléanais. On returning from a bicycle tour you are sure to be asked repeatedly, "How many miles a day did you run?" and if the answer be, "a modest forty" or so, a smile of indulgent superiority flits across your athletic questioner's countenance as he mentions the daily hundreds which *his* wheels have devoured. Well, Beaugency is precisely one of those obstacles to rapid progress which abound in the valley of the Loire. You cannot—you ought not to spend less than a couple of hours in a little town dignified by the memories of many bitter sieges, with a bridge over the Loire out of all proportion to itself—on twenty-six pointed arches, and a quarter of a mile from bank to bank. There are, besides, a grand Norman donjon, a fine Romanesque abbey church, besides other churches, towers, and houses. Of the last, one retains along the front of the second story an arcade of round arches with dancetté moulding, dating from the twelfth century. Beaugency was one of the towns delivered by Joan of Arc.

After leaving this fascinating place, the traveller encounters less frequent temptations to loiter by the way. The road becomes a trifle dull, and one begins to appreciate the superiority of kilomètres over English miles because of the greater frequency of distance-stones. At Mer, seven and one half miles from Beaugency, there is a large and ancient parish church, added to and altered in rich Flamboyant work of the fifteenth century, touched up by the restless architects of François I. Three miles farther lies Suèvres, a little village pleasant with meandering brooks, burgeoning poplars, and emerald

meads. "Recommandé aux archéologues," says the "Guide Joanne," not without good reason; for it possesses two churches of singular interest, dedicated to SS. Lubin and Christopher. Saint Lubin's church occupies the site of a Roman temple, of which Carlovingian and Norman builders have used the material in constructing the lovely little edifice which now stands there, untouched by meddlesome restorers.

Travellers by this road may have grateful remembrance of the double avenue of fine elms which used to shade and shelter it for eight miles—from the great château and demesne of Menars to the environs of Blois. They formed an approach of fitting dignity to the cliff of Blois, on which, nearly eight centuries ago, Thibault le Tricheur fixed his stronghold. Alas! those kindly trees are no more. In accordance with some inscrutable decree of the authorities of the *arrondissement*, not only have they been felled but their very roots have been grubbed up, lest they should presume to spring again. About two hundred men were at work on them as we passed that way last April, and now the road lies naked and painfully straight, with nothing to obstruct the view of the great château and the cathedral, purple against the glowing west. No profane edict has gone forth against the elms inside the municipal bounds, and the children of to-day will tell the wondering children of to-morrow how, in the good old days, these trees stretched in fair array as far along the highroad as Menars. Meanwhile, honored be the burgesses of Blois for having had care for the beauty of their suburb, which, two hundred and fifty years ago, was praised in the diary of John Evelyn of Wootton for "ye Pall Mall, very long, and so nobly shaded with tall trees (being in ye midst of a greate wood), that, unless that of Tours, I had not seen a statelier."

Of Blois, with its checkered chronicle of shame and splendor, there is little cause to treat here, so fully have others explored and written about it. Honoré de Balzac feared lest all that

coming generations should know of the great château should be from his writings, so much was it decayed in his day; but now its state of repair is almost oppressively complete. Froissart was chaplain here during the early years of Charles VI.; the poet Deschamps was maître d'hôtel to Louis, Duke of Orléans, when he brought hither his Italian bride, Valentine Visconti, in 1393; eighteen years later the power of France was broken at Agincourt; Valentine's son, Charles, was a prisoner; and the Loire valley was nearly all in English hands. Then came the *recouvrance*, towards which the first step was taken at Blois in 1429, when Joan of Arc brought her standard to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Rheims in the church of Saint Sauveur, at the foot of the castle rock. But it was not till the sixteenth century that the château of Blois assumed the general appearance with which so many people are familiar at this day. It had been the favorite residence of Louis XII., whose daughter Claude found it easy to persuade her husband, François I., to add largely to her old home, for that pleasure-loving king was ever ready for lavish spending in stone and lime. The return of Charles VIII. from his preposterous invasion of Italy had opened the gates of France to the Italian Renaissance, which, while it swept away the Flamboyant decadence of northern Gothic, took a new character on the fresh soil, imparting to French domestic architecture its most enduring features.

The restrained and sweet gravity [Sir Frederick Leighton once said], which delights us in the purest examples of transalpine Renaissance is, it must be admitted, too often wanting in French work of the same class; and if, as I believe, the rank of a work of art is according to the dignity or the emotion it stirs in the beholder, then the creations of the great Italians rise to a higher level than those of the artist of the French Renaissance. For vitality and variety, on the other hand, for exuberance of fancy, for resourceful ingenuity of construction, and

for a delicate sense of rhythm and proportion, the superiority of the work of the French is, in my opinion, conspicuous.

It requires some courage to dissent from conclusions so sweetly reasoned by such an accomplished mind, yet it is difficult to trace any "sense of rhythm and proportion" in the shapeless mass and indiscriminate, overloaded ornament of the château of Blois. Thousands of stone panels, carved, it is true, with exceeding delicacy, and, as the concierge proudly points out, each in a different design, bewilder the eye with their multitude, without allowing it a moment's repose; and there is not in the whole labyrinth of chambers a single lofty doorway, soaring column, or steadfast pediment to lift one out of the finicking, wearisome detail. One turns with some relief to the later pavilion of Gaston d'Orléans, which it is the custom to deride for its ponderous and pedantic severity. In short, considering the unsurpassed advantage of site—the precipitous bluff overlooking the wide champaign and sweep of the noble river—the wonder is, not that the architects of Blois accomplished so much, but that they failed to effect more.

A visit to the enormous château of Chambord, almost within view of Blois, makes the claim to rhythm and proportion made on behalf of French builders of that period appear even more dubious. It is quite true that, as Mrs. Mark Pattison has reminded us, we do not see now the Chambord designed by Pierre Nepveu:—

The broad foundations and heaving arches which rose proudly out of the waters of the moat no longer impress the eye. The truncated mass squats ignobly on the turf, the waters of the moat are gone; gone are the deep embankments crowned with pierced balustrades, gone is the no longer needed bridge with its guardian lions.

But the fact remains that this huge pile always must have been wanting in the primary charm of all impressive architecture—control and repose. Perhaps there is only one country palace

in England which can be compared with Chambord—namely, Blenheim. Most of our great houses have arisen out of spontaneous and occasional development of smaller homes. Blenheim alone, like Chambord, was deliberately and outrageously extravagant; though with this great difference in motive, that whereas Chambord, with its four hundred and forty apartments and stabling for twelve hundred horses, was built to gratify the vanity of a king, Blenheim was called into being as the gift of a grateful nation to a great soldier. In fairness to the French example, one must imagine not only the woodlands of Blenheim to have been felled and replaced by ragged coppice, but all the neighboring hedges and hedgerows to have been swept away also, leaving the great house to be viewed, for good or ill effect, from many miles around. Also it must have been stripped of all “insight,” as our forefathers used to call hangings, carpets, and furniture. Nor must it have been allowed to become weather-stained—not a slate must hang awry, nor a moulding have been dented. Submitted to this test, the English house would excel the French in everything except size.

There is no dignity in Chambord. The overloaded, purposely irrational roof, the hideous lanterns on the flanking towers, detract from the one impressive quality of the building—its vast extent. This excessive top-hammer is a vice characteristic of all French domestic architecture of the Renaissance. Although it is less conspicuous at Chénonceaux because of the great length of that building, and at Langeais because of the great height and strength of the walls and bold *machicoulis*, it recurs in full force at Azay-le-Rideau, marring and dwarfing one of the most perfect and homelike of these seignorial pleasure-houses.

To apply, then, the test prescribed by Sir Frederick Leighton—the dignity of the emotion stirred in the beholder—these French châteaux, divested of the florid memories of Ronsard and Brantôme, will not endure comparison with

the Palazzo Doria at Genoa, with the Pitti at Florence, or the Farnesina at Rome. Evelyn's comment on the staircase at Chambord applies to the whole building, “It is an extraordinary work, but of far greater expense than use or beauty.”

But there is something apart from their architectural merits and defects which oppresses the visitor to Blois and Chambord. It is not merely that they stand empty. Corfe, Tantallon, and countless other buildings in our own land, have long stood roofless and deserted; but they tell of the progress of social life, of security attained without violence, of the fulfilment, rather than the futility, of human intention. They have done their part and made way for a better state of things; we cherish them because of their beauty in decay, and for the witness borne by that decay to the liberty won for our people. But there is nothing venerable in Chambord: its excellent repair is positively exasperating. It is said that the whole rent of the lands now left to it—some £3,000 a year—is expended in maintaining the structure. The palace would earn more admiration if it were allowed to go to ruin. One would then cease to feel as if the old order of privilege and oppression were lying in wait to re-enter the empty saloons. Most people esteem the good old times in proportion to the improbability of their return. These walls assiduously scraped to whiteness—these winding staircases swept so clean—these windows so scrupulously glazed—to what do they point, if not to the return of the seigneur? If one could feel quite certain that the past were laid to lasting rest, he might peruse peacefully Brantôme's rapturous description of the gallant, frivolous, intriguing, selfish society that thronged these courts, and smile at the project of the vain king, who, amazed at the splendor of his own creation, and dissatisfied with the puny meandering Cosson on which it stood, caused plans to be prepared for bringing the mighty Loire through the pleasure-grounds.

But when all has been said against

Chambord that can be said, it remains a far finer affair than Blois. If you have a mind for extravagance, let there be no mistake about it—*pecca fortiter!* Neveu's château is far more preposterous than Blois, but it is not so effeminately loaded with ornament.

The town of Blois is one which no one can leave without regret. It is endeared by reason of its steep streets and wide views, its many charming old houses and its amiable citizens; last, and by no means least, because of the excellent quarters and moderate tariff of the Grand Hôtel de Blois. One is puzzled at first to account for the grey-ness of these places on the Loire; one misses the play of color with which Continental towns are wont to tickle the insular eye. The chief cause of this is found in the use of slate for roofing; nor is this owing, as it is in many districts of our own land, to the substitution of the lighter and more durable material for the ancient tiles and thatch, for Evelyn noticed that most of the houses here in his time were roofed with slate. Then, all doors and railings are painted grey or stone-color; even in their dress the country-people avoid bright colors, and the universal blouse sinks the well-loved blue in mournful black.

Between Blois and Tours lie five-and-thirty miles of capital road, beset with many allurements in the shape of Chaumont, Amboise, and other châteaux. Tours is the centre for so many attractive places, that the luxurious Hôtel de l'Univers is pervaded by almost too many of our dear compatriots. Hence it comes that the charges run high; déjeuner is served there only à la carte, which not only swells the bill, but deprives that charming meal of one of its chief attractions—the unexpected. He who prefers to forget for a season the land of his birth will be apt to go in search of local color in the Faisan in the Rue Nationale, or the Hôtel de Bordeaux in the Boulevard Heurteloup, where he will find nothing to complain of in either fare or tariff.

The chief difficulty at Tours is to choose between the many interesting

places within reach. Splendid roads lead in every direction to some town or château which should not be left unvisited. We may suppose that the visitor has seen most of the beautiful things in the town, of which Evelyn declared that "no town in France exceeds it in beauty and delight." He will have loitered in the great cathedral of Saint Gatien with its sister towers, its gorgeous western front—surely the culmination of Flamboyant exuberance—and oh, such stained glass in the windows as he shall hardly see elsewhere! He will have blessed the archbishop and chapter for the discretion, so rarely exercised in French provincial churches, which has saved this splendid fane from disfigurement by tawdry "station" pictures. Stations there are, each with its picture of little merit, but mercifully unobtrusive and quiet in tone. The stranger will have groped his way also into the crypt of the modern basilica of Saint Martin; for, alas! of the ancient church and monastery nothing is left save two great towers, standing gaunt and apart, with a broad new street driven between them. The new church is a structure so weighty, so solid, so dark—such mountains of marble are piled over the tomb, that, supposing the bones of the saint to be really there, one is inclined to trace in the architect's design precautions against too facile resurrection.

The ancient abbey church of Saint Julien, at the end of the Rue Nationale next the river, must by no means be unvisited; for in spite of recent disfigurement in the shape of *criard* glass and execrable wall-painting, there remains the tower—a lovely bit of Romanesque of the tenth century—and there is much good later work in the choir.

All these and much more will have been viewed: perhaps the only root of bitterness will have been the disappointing discovery that the *épiciers* of this fine town are not more scrupulous than those elsewhere, despite their charming manners; for the grand white baskets of irresistible dried plums, cunningly piled in front windows, are made

with a great bell in the bottom, like a champagne bottle, so that the unwary stranger, believing that he is buying a basketful, finds out too late that he has got but a single layer.

Aurà favente—the first run from Tours is pretty sure to be made to Chénouneaux. Much of the road thither lies through woodland, with adorable views over river and meadow. Nearly all the villages on the way—Dierre, Civray, Bléré, etc.—have churches of the tenth, twelfth, and fifteenth centuries. That of the parish of Saint Martin-le-Beau of itself would confer fame on one English or three Scottish counties.

Let nobody form too high expectations of the famed garden of Diane de Poitiers at Chénouneaux. Square, shadeless, and, as we saw it, flowerless (for it was lying all fallow for summer bedding)—it seemed everything that a garden ought not to be, formal without dignity, pretentious without effect. But the château itself is a sweet relic of beautiful, bygone France, with sunnier memories than those of most French houses of renown. Its records are not blurred with the steam of secret slaughter, and its basement chambers, cunningly contrived in the piles of the old mill, were never devoted to the usual purposes of imprisonment and torture, but only to the genial uses of kitchen, cellar, and larder. Its whole history is in harmony with the fantastic grace of the building and the languorous murmur of the Cher. Perhaps of all Marie Stuart's womanhood, the only tranquil months were those she spent here after her first marriage.

Of course a great deal went on in this old house when it was new that we cannot afford to be found smiling on now. It would be dreadful to suspect that such high jinks as the courtiers of François I. indulged in could ever be tolerated in the chaste precincts of Osborne or Balmoral; but it would be fruitless to expect too much from an age when Marguerite of Navarre—the gentlest, brightest, perhaps the purest spirit in that licentious court—could express herself in nothing loftier than

the naughty stories of the Heptameron.

And if it is superfluous at this distance of time to submit the *vie intime* of Chénouneaux to the accepted canons of morality, equally so would it be to apply strict criticism to the architecture of such an irregular building. Of the old donjon but one cylindrical tower remains, with the inevitable conical slated roof, and the ugly lantern so dear to British hotel architects. The defensive moats, dug in 1433, only serve now to float skiffs, swans, and water-lilies. Most of the house escapes from their enceinte, spreading across the river like a beautiful *liana*, incorporating the ancient mill, and raising round its bones a veil of fanciful, but not extravagant, masonry.¹

For many years to come, this famous house has been grievously marred by the restoration to which it has been submitted at the hands of its new owners. Owing to its peculiar site, half its beauty consists in its reflection in the shimmering stream. Divert the Cher, and a moiety of the architect's design would disappear with it. The hands which scraped the walls to a glaring whiteness have done almost as much mischief. Only in some of the dormers there still linger scraps of that delicate silvery grey, like the summer plumage of a ptarmigan, to which the weather of four centuries has slowly touched the stones.

Now we will bid farewell to Chénouneaux without once having taken on our lips that word from which no writer or speaker of any respectability has been known hitherto to refrain in describing it. If we fall short of being amusing, we can at least be original (which is not the same thing, to be sure); we will *not* pronounce Chénouneaux to be "a gem."

As in visiting old houses, so in prosing about them—one is tempted to linger far too long about each; and I must

¹ "Lors se bastissoyt aux soins de Messire Bohier, general des finances, le chasteau de Chénouneaux, lequel, par magnardise et curiosité, boutoyt son bastiment à cheval sur la rivière de Cher."—Brantôme.

hurry on if I am merely to mention half those within easy reach of Tours. It is a delightful ride of fifteen miles to Langeais, down the north bank of the Loire, past hundreds of those characteristic cave-dwellings, with their chimneys poked up far back in the vineyards above the sunny cliff. It was an exquisite April morning when we trundled along this fair highway; the sunshine lay soft on the broad river; the grass was of tenderest green, spotted with lady's-smock and iron-blue starch hyacinths; wistaria and judas-tree were bursting into bloom. But perhaps the most delicate display was that of the abele poplars, far spreading along the banks in their strange spring livery of *eau-de-Nile* bark and silver leaflets.

A delightful composition of towers, streets, and trees meets the eye of one entering Langeais by road; but if he has run there for déjeuner, it is to the Lion d'Or that his first homage will be paid. Incredible delicacies were leaped before us in this pretty tavern, all for the ridiculous charge of three francs.

At Langeais, as everywhere else in Touraine, the indefatigable Foulques Nerra has left the ruins of one of his grim keeps; but it stands behind and within the enclosure of the fine fifteenth-century château which makes the fame of this little town. It was here that the duchy of Brittany was first incorporated with the kingdom of France, by the marriage of Charles VIII. to Anne de Bretagne in 1491. Here, also, in a house opposite the château gate, lived Rabelais.

Between Langeais and Azay-le-Rideau lie eight hilly miles. There is a little church at Lignéres, unnoticed by Baedeker, but not the less worth inspection, for it contains paintings in fresco of the twelfth century. These are deliciously naïve, representing the temptation of Adam and Eve on one side of the chancel, and that of the Saviour on the other. Farther on is the pretty Château de l'Islette, built across the Indre, being apparently, like Chénouceaux, the expansion of an old mill. A mile and a half of meadows, jewelled

with golden kingcups and purple fritillaries, and shadowed by rows of silver-stemmed poplars, lies between l'Islette and Azay-le-Rideau. This is another of the countless country palaces which sprang up like flowers in the reign of the first Francis.¹ One may think the roof preposterously heavy, dwarfing the walls, the *machicoulis* and corner turrets vain figments of defensive work, inconsistent with the large window openings, and yet enjoy the charm of silvery walls reflected in the glassy pools where the great carp roll, of richly carved stonework and stately courtyard, shaded by venerable planes. Perhaps it was the glamour of a spring evening that made Azay seem to us the fairest—the most *mignon*—of all the châteaux of “la mignonne Touraine;” for we saw it as Balzac's Felix de Vandenesse saw it—“la nature s'était parée comme une femme allant à la rencontre du bien-aimé.”

Greatly different must be the impressions one brings away from Loches. The cyclist, moreover, will find it a very difficult place to reach in a single day from Tours, not because of the distance, for it lies not more than thirty miles along a splendid road up the wooded valley of the Indre, but because of the attractions on the way. Montbazou lies at the right distance for déjeuner, about eleven miles from Tours. Here a vast keep of Foulques Nerra bears aloft on its battlements a colossal modern statue of the Virgin in bronze. Though of dubious merit as a work of art, this graven image has a striking effect, seen afar in the valley, over verdant meadows and sloping woods. This vale between Montbazou and Tours, be it remembered, is that of Balzac's romance, “Le Lys dans la Vallée.”

Too long we loitered in this pleasant village, contemplating rows of unsuccessful anglers in the flowery meadows, and fascinated by the evolutions of a man in a pea-green mackintosh, work-

¹ Inquiry as to the meaning of the name Azay-le-Rideau is much oftener made than answered. It is supposed to commemorate Hugues Ridel, a knight-banneret, who built the castle to guard the road from Tours to Chinon.

ing a casting-net with equal futility. We were so anxious to see just one fish caught among so many fishers, but neither anglers nor netsman brought ashore a single fin. Then Veigné and Esvres, each with its Early Norman church, claimed half an hour apiece, so that it was well on in the afternoon before we reached the strange little town of Cormery, with ruins of a great Benedictine abbey and college, and a curious, gaunt parish church of Norman work. Impossible to hurry past the lofty bell-tower, the shattered cloisters, and the refectory with its noble timbered roof. So Loches had to be postponed to another day.

This had been a day of much quiet enjoyment, but it was to be marred by an incident towards its close, of a nature as unpleasant as, happily, it is rare in France, for Frenchmen are remarkably humane to horses as a rule. Among many vehicles approaching Cormery as we left it, I noticed one—a gipsy van—drawn by a pair of white *percherons*, sadly emaciated and leg-weary, as different as possible from the plump, sleek animals one usually sees. My attention was drawn, first, to one of the worst spavins I ever saw on the near hock of one of them, and next, to what seemed to be a scarlet cloth under the collar—a piece of finery strangely at variance with the rest of the dilapidated equipage. Merciful Lord! on nearer approach this proved to be the raw and bleeding flesh of the miserable beast, flayed by the space of nearly a foot, and with the collar pressing on it. The driver sat smoking on the van; what degree of personal privation and suffering, think you, had made him so utterly callous to the horror of this spectacle?

Loches, when we did visit it, left impressions never to be effaced. Sullen, massive, and menacing, the great castle, piled on a lofty cliff, scowls across the fertile river-meadows and the vine-clad slopes on either side. Foulques Nerra built the donjon, of course; Agnes Sorel sleeps in the chapel of the Château Royal, where is also the oratory of good Anne de Bretagne; a host of other famous names are associated with this

amazing group of buildings; but it is the fell spirit of Louis XI. that overshadows them all. Donjon, palace, and collegiate church, with the bartering town below, seem to reflect that combination of alert suspicion, grinding terrorism, craven piety, and commercial eagerness, which make up the odious memory of this gloomy despot. The political changes of five centuries, though they have laid bare the dungeons of this hideous prison-house, have spared many traces of the torments of the king's victims. The cages have disappeared wherein the limbs of Jean Balue, cardinal-bishop of Angers, and of the historian Comines, stiffened as month by month of their inhuman punishment dragged on; but the staples on which these cages hung may still be seen. The walls have been scrawled over or patiently carved by successive prisoners; one may still read the sentence attributed to the hand of Comines, who lay here for eight months in solitary confinement by orders of Charles VIII.: "*Dixisse me aliquando poenituit, tacuisse nunquam*" (I have suffered at times for having spoken, never for having held my peace).

One shudders as the air strikes chill out of that dark past, for modern statecraft has taught us how wider realms than France of the fifteenth century may be governed without constant recourse to the axe, the halter, and the rack; but who shall say how far mild methods might have prevailed to build up kingdoms when the aims of subjects were more ambitious and their mode of attaining them less constitutional than now? Louis XI. was a cruel king towards his subjects, but a good one for France.

One steps out of the gloom of Louis's Tour Neuve into the sunshine with a gasp of relief; and there are still to be visited the wonderful collegiate church and the palace, both within the castle enceinte. In the town below are the Tour Saint Antoine, the Hôtel-de-Ville, both of sixteenth-century Renaissance, and a number of interesting buildings; while beyond the Indre lies Beaulieu with its abbey church, a most beautiful

Norman ruin, and the fourteenth-century church of Saint Laurent.

One more reminiscence, and let it be the last.

The saint most famous at Tours, and most intimately connected with its ecclesiastical history, is without doubt Saint Martin, its bishop under Pope Siricius in the fourth century. Ninian, the evangelist of our own Picts, spent many weeks with Martin at Tours on his way from Rome to Scotland in 396, and borrowed from him the *cementarios* or masons, of whom we read in Alfred's life of Ninian, in order to build his Candida Casa at Whithorn, reputed the first stone church erected in Scotland. Ninian heard of Martin's death in the year 398, just before Candida Casa was finished, and the affectionate veneration which Ninian had for the good bishop is enough to account for the honor afterwards paid in Scotland to the memory of Martin. Even now, in spite of the edicts of the Presbyterian reformers against the observation of saint-days, Martinmas remains one of the two great Scottish terms.

The building of stone churches was not the only practice that Ninian learnt from Martin. There may still be seen on the east shore of the Bay of Luce, in Galloway, about three miles from Candida Casa, a sea-cave, distinguished from many others on that rocky coast by the name of Saint Ninian, whither the evangelist used to retire for seasons of fasting and meditation. That this cavern was long afterwards regarded with peculiar veneration is attested by numerous crosses carved on the rocks, with other traces of primitive worship. In retiring to a cave for solitary prayer, Ninian was following the example set by his mentor, Martin, whose cave may still be seen at Marmoutier, where he founded his great abbey, built against the honeycombed cliff on the north bank of the Loire. The abbey has ceased to exist; of its extensive buildings only a fine thirteenth-century gatehouse remains erect—*le portail de la Crosse*. The enclosure within is now occupied by a beautiful garden, in which stands a *pensionnat* for girls, kept

by the nuns of the *Sacré Cœur*. In front of this gate Pope Urban II. preached the first Crusade, and in front of this gate, after an interval of some seven centuries, we dismounted from our bicycles and rang the bell.

We had come, we said to the nun who answered it, to view the cave of Saint Martin. Ah! the great pity, but this was not a day on which strangers could be admitted; messieurs will have the bounty to return on such and such a day. Impossible, we explained; we should then be far away; we had come many hundreds of miles—could not an exception be made in our favor? The kindly nun was sympathetic; she would tell the Lady-Principal; and finally, after some delay, we were bidden to the presence of that authority. Laying our case before her, we urged as a last reason for special consideration that we came from a country where Saint Martin was held in great honor, because he had taught Saint Ninian to build our Candida Casa. A change flitted over the good lady's features—a puzzled expression—then a light dawned in her eyes, and she exclaimed in good honest Scots, "Ye're surely not Scotch? I come from Edinburgh myself!"

Thirty years had gone by since she had left the convent at Bruntfield; she had never seen her native land since, and her warm heart overflowed towards her wandering compatriots. Everything was made easy for us; a nun was told off to show us the cave-chapels of Saint Gatien, of Saint Leobard, and of the Seven Sleepers, and finally the shrine of Saint Martin, with the cracks in the rock, still plainly to be seen, which the devil made when he visited the Bishop of Tours. It is said that, failing to make any impression on the holy man, he vented his chagrin on the more vulnerable walls and roof of the cave.

The cool, silent cavern, with the splendid sunshine flooding the stairs outside and the garden below, made a picture strangely in contrast with that far-off reef in the Galloway cliff, where the wet winds howl and the tides roar, which Ninian adopted in imitation of

his master. But it was not on such matters that we found the Lady-Principal, when we returned to her, most disposed to dwell. Scotland—Scotland yet! was her theme,—its hills and its heather, its rivers and its towns; above all, the pedigrees of its old families.

Now I have laid before my readers nothing new, nothing exciting, perhaps nothing interesting. If I am asked why I should have talked so long about a country so thoroughly explored by British tourists, I can but reply in the words of Balzac: "*Ne me demandez plus pourquoi j'aime la Touraine; je ne l'aime ni comme on aime son berceau, ni comme on aime une oasis dans le desert; je l'aime comme un artiste aime l'art.*"

From The Spectator.

JACK'S FRIENDS.

It is needless to say that all Jack's friends are heroes. If you were to get him to note the fact he would, without doubt, accept it as most natural. Of course they are; they would not be his friends if they were not. That is the line Jack would be sure to take, for there is no sort of misgiving in his mind on two points: (1) That people do not count at all if they are not cast in the heroic mould, *i.e.*, cannot outshy, outshout, outrun, outswim, and outclimb every one with whom they can possibly be compared. (2) That all his friends are people who count, and therefore are cast in the heroic mould. The late Master of Balliol is said to have remarked to an enthusiastic undergraduate who discovered men of extraordinary genius in every batch of freshmen, "I'm afraid, Mr. —, all your swans are geese;" but no one, not an iced wet blanket in human shape could say anything of that sort to Jack while he recounts the "Iliad" of his friends' doings. But, in truth, there is not the slightest temptation to do so at the moment. Jack's blazing blue eyes and flushed cheeks carry conviction with all his recitals. The hearers catch the infection, and seriously believe while they listen that Robinson or Smith, the garden-boy next door, or whoever may be in question,

is, in reality, a monstrous fine fellow. Of course disillusionment sometimes comes when the parent meets the hero in the flesh, but that is an accident cheerfully borne. Children of eight have a fine sense of compassion for their elders' induration of spirit, and are not seriously troubled when, and if, they perceive that you do not quite take their friends at their proper value. Your want of appreciation, unless very boldly expressed, is only an example of the usual blindness of grown-up people. You do not regard the thicket as a mighty forest full of wild beasts; and you are clearly ignorant of the fact that the road swarms with brigands and pirates, for do not you habitually cross it without carrying arms and without throwing out scouts or sending on a picket to hold the banks while the main body comes up. How, then, can you be expected to understand all the great qualities of Harry Smith and Bill Dickinson? The embarrassment of disillusionment, if any, falls entirely on the parents. One of Jack's heroes is a certain schoolfellow called Jameson minor. By Jack's account he is indeed a lad of mettle,—a very devil of a fellow, who fears neither boy nor schoolmistress. Even his admitted faults are superb. "He's dreadfully cocky, father. He'd cheek the whole school and not care a button. He doesn't mind an atom about any one or anything, and even when Rawlins, the head of the school, told him to shut up, he wouldn't." It was an awful moment when Jack proposed to bring home Jameson minor to lunch. "Do you think we shall be able to manage him?" said Jack's mother, in solemn conclave with Jack's father, and the latter, after he had rashly consented, had not a few qualms. Suppose Jameson minor was really all that he was painted, might not the result of that luncheon be extremely disastrous not only to the windows of the house, but to the whole moral atmosphere? If Jameson minor was really capable of cheeking the whole school, he would probably not think twice about cheeking his host. Boys know and care nothing about the canons of

hospitality, and to Jameson minor the host would only be Jack's pater. And if Jameson minor were to cheek his host, what was to be done then? It would be clearly useless to tell him to "shut up," for had not Rawlins tried that and failed? Imagine the ignominy of trying to steal Rawlins's thunder and failing. But if Jameson minor could not be made to shut up, what would be the effect on the household? It is not always easy as it is to keep Jack in order. Would it not be infinitely harder after he had witnessed a conflict between Jameson minor and his own father, in which his father was discomfited? And then the maids. It would not be pleasant to be worsted in front of them by a boy of eight and a half. It may be imagined that it was with quaking hearts that the visit of Jameson minor was expected by Jack's parents. As the wheels of the trap were heard on the drive Jack's mother almost gave way. "I'm afraid they'll be dreadfully excited when they arrive, for the garden-boy is driving them, and Jack and he, even when they are alone, get very obstreperous, and what it will be now I—" But it is too late for such repinings, and both parents feel that the only possible course is to pull themselves together and look unconcerned. Jack's mother somewhat hopelessly tries to draw courage from stories about a woman's gentle dignity cowing the rowdiest mobs—"Of course a boy like that is very much worse than a mob of men, but still it might have some effect"—while Jack's father remembers that lions and savages can be controlled by the human eye, and hopes he shall not wink if he is obliged to have recourse to this expedient upon Jameson minor. And now the "tub" is at the door, and Jack scrambles out over the shaft—he always says he "forgets about the door"—while the garden-boy, strangely calm considering the circumstances, gets out, trying to imitate the behavior of the groom. At last descends the hero of the hour. Can this really be Jameson minor? Is this he who cheeked the whole school, and would not shut up even at the command of Rawlins?

This timid-eyed little boy in an Eton jacket and a broad collar "the cockiest boy you ever saw!" Never was the heart of a swashbuckling, truculent ne'er-do-well hidden by so mild an exterior. Jameson minor, the cockiest boy you ever saw!—why he is like a mouse in a trap. There is no possibility of trying to quell him with the human eye, for you cannot induce him to look you in the face. As he puts out a frightened little hand he stares at his boots, and his "How-de-do" sounds thin and weak. The relief is great. The windows are safe, the hens are safe, the baby is safe, and, best of all, the discipline of the house is safe. There is no fear of Jameson minor not shutting up when told to do so. The only fear is that he will keep shut up all through the afternoon and embarrass the household by his shyness and his silence. Strangely enough Jack seems quite unaware of how the situation has been revolutionized. He does not even seem to notice that Jameson minor is feeling shy. One almost expects him to explain: "It's all right, father. He'll begin presently. He's only feeling strange just for a minute." Not a bit of it. No sort of explanation is offered or apparently thought necessary. And, after all, why should we expect it? When we have been beating the wood for pirates, and it has become painfully obvious that there is not a single one there, Jack never thinks of explaining away their absence or apologizing for the absence of their buried treasure. He, God bless him! never notices the patent discrepancy between his fancies and the facts. Why should he behave differently about Jameson minor? Jameson minor is still to him what he was before, no more and no less. It is, after all, only a question of the point of view. The mistake arose through acting as if Jack's point of view could be transferred from him to a grown-up person. And yet so strong was the impression obtained from Jack that the parental mind still retains a feeling that perhaps after all Jameson minor is not what he seems. It may be that "on his day" he is still the cockiest boy in the world and

capable of the wildest enormities, and that it was merely an accident that made things go off so well.

In regard to some of Jack's friends and heroes one is more easily disillusioned. For example, the garden-boy. You cannot by any means be led to think upon him and what is glorious together. Yet there is something very piquant in contrasting him as seen from your end of the telescope and from Jack's. You think of him as an unholy urchin, of whom the gardener is perpetually complaining. The cook is almost sure that it was he who let the tap run all night and emptied the cisterns. It was proved beyond a doubt that he posted the letters in his pocket instead of in the box in the wall. The way in which the cats fly before him has a horrid significance, and though he has never been *caught* torturing the puppy, he is justly suspected of having tried to tie a sardine-box to its tail. In truth, the boy is what old-fashioned people call "a warmint." But to Jack he is a hero indeed. He is sixteen next birthday, and "quite as strong as a man," and yet admittedly still a boy and not gone over to the enemy,—the grown-ups, who like clean hands, who think it nasty to keep a toad in your trouser-pockets, and who do not realize the value of "rare crystals" detected in very muddy stones. Jack would follow the garden-boy through fire and water, and his tales of that worthy's prowess are innumerable. "Do you know, father, that William is captain of the Peddling-ton boys' team, and that they would have beaten the men's this year if they hadn't been very unlucky at the beginning? And father, do listen, his average is thirty if you don't count the four first matches, which is quite fair, as they were in April, and he thinks he'll be a professional and get hundreds of pounds, if his uncle, who's very rich, doesn't take him to mind the shop and go out with the donkey-cart, and he can ride a horse quite well, at least he thinks he could if he tried, and last year he was fourth in the obstacle race at the Odd-fellows' fête; and do you think I could go there this year because there are fire-

works, and William could look after me much better than nurse, because he's so much more careful, and doesn't forget things like she does, does he, mother?" Another day Jack will explain how beautifully William can mend various objects of use and ornament, and when you say, "But he broke my bicycle and the mowing machine, and ruined the scythe," Jack will reply, quite unconvinced, "Oh, that was when he was trying to make them go better; but you should see the catapult he made, and I exchanged for my pigeon and a shilling and one of baby's dolls for his little sister" In truth, it is all the point of view. William is quite as genuine an Admirable Crichton to Jack as he is an unwashed rapsallion to the rest of the house. Neither is deceived. Only there remains the wonder of childhood. The poet's alchemy is nothing to that which is to be found in Jack's mind. It makes pure gold where it will, and contrives a new heaven and a new earth in an instant. After fourteen or fifteen it will begin to fade, and by seventeen not a trace of the alchemist faculty will be left. But meantime what a gift is Jack's. Fancy, if we could see all our dull friends of the office and club as Jack sees his. Colonel Dicks, an Alexander with the light of conquest on his brows; Minchley (the bore who wrote the epic), a divine Homer; Heavyside, the M.P., a Solon. Truly the world would then be a much more entertaining place than it seems now. If Jack could catch the drift of this, would not he also say "Amen," and add that he had one more proof of the dullness and folly of grown-up people? A little make-believe and they would be twice as happy, and yet the stupid refuse to take the needful step, and go on, seeing lead where they might see gold. "They are a lot of cuffers."

From Public Opinion.

THE POOL OF SILOAM

The excavations which are being made in Jerusalem have disclosed much

that was hitherto unknown about the Pool of Siloam. The identification of the site of this pool is important because of its bearing on the situation of the city walls. It has hitherto been considered that the Pool of Siloam, shown to every visitor of Jerusalem, was one of the few undisputed localities in the topography of the sacred city. Now, however, as investigation progresses, doubts have been raised on this point. Among archæologists a contest has arisen as complicated as that concerning the site of Calvary, the sepulchre, and other sacred places in Jerusalem. The Pool of Siloam is in size the least of all the Jerusalem pools, which from the most ancient times have been relied upon by the inhabitants to store up water from the springs. It had, however, the singular characteristic of suddenly increasing in depth as the water poured in from some unknown source.

The Pool of Siloam, although small in size, played an important part in the sacred history of Jerusalem. It was to Siloam that the Levite was sent with the golden picher on the "last and great day of the feast" of Tabernacles; it was from Siloam that he brought the water which was then poured over the sacrifice in memory of the water from the rock of Rephidim. It was to this Siloam water that the Lord pointed when he stood in the Temple and cried, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." The Lord sent the blind man to wash at the Pool of Siloam, the sacredness and efficacy of whose waters are still believed in at Jerusalem. The Pool of Siloam, which has now been almost wholly uncovered and which is the one formerly shown to visitors, is eighteen and one half feet in depth, fourteen feet wide at one end and seventeen at the other. The water in it is maintained at a depth of three to four feet, but is likely to rise a foot or more at any moment. It is faced with a wall of stone, now greatly out of repair. Several columns stand out of the side walls extending from the top downward into the cistern. The water passes out of the pool through a chan-

nel cut in the rock, which is covered for a short distance. This subsequently opens and discloses a lively, copious stream which empties into a garden planted with fig-trees. Jerome, who lived only six miles from the Pool of Siloam, refers to the intermittent character of its waters, which has led some historians to identify it with Bethesda. Josephus speaks of its waters as having been very abundant, but recent investigations do not bear this out.

There are a large number of somewhat similar pools in Jerusalem, which has thirty or forty natural springs within a radius of eight miles. If it could be shown that one of these was in reality the Pool of Siloam, whose location has not hitherto been questioned, it would add a still further confusing element to the discussion of the historical sites in Jerusalem. Many of the most important places depend for their identification upon their nearness to or remoteness from the Pool of Siloam. The mysterious ebb and flow of the waters of the present pool has been largely relied upon as sufficiently proving its identity with that referred to in the Scriptures. It has now, however, been found that a similar phenomenon takes place in the Fountain of the Virgin, which is close by. There the water rose a foot in five minutes, and within five minutes more it sank to its former level. It is believed that the excavations which are being made in Jerusalem may explain this apparent mystery, which nobody has yet been able to account for.

Conscience and Health.—He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping. Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience, for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it.

Isaac Walton.

